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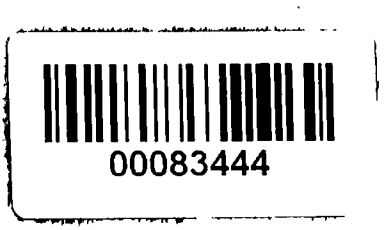
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TOUR

ON THE

CONTINENT

IN

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY,

IN THE YEARS 1817 AND 1818.

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BY

ROGER HOG, Esq.

AUTHOR OF ADELAIDE DE GRAMMONT, AND POEMS.

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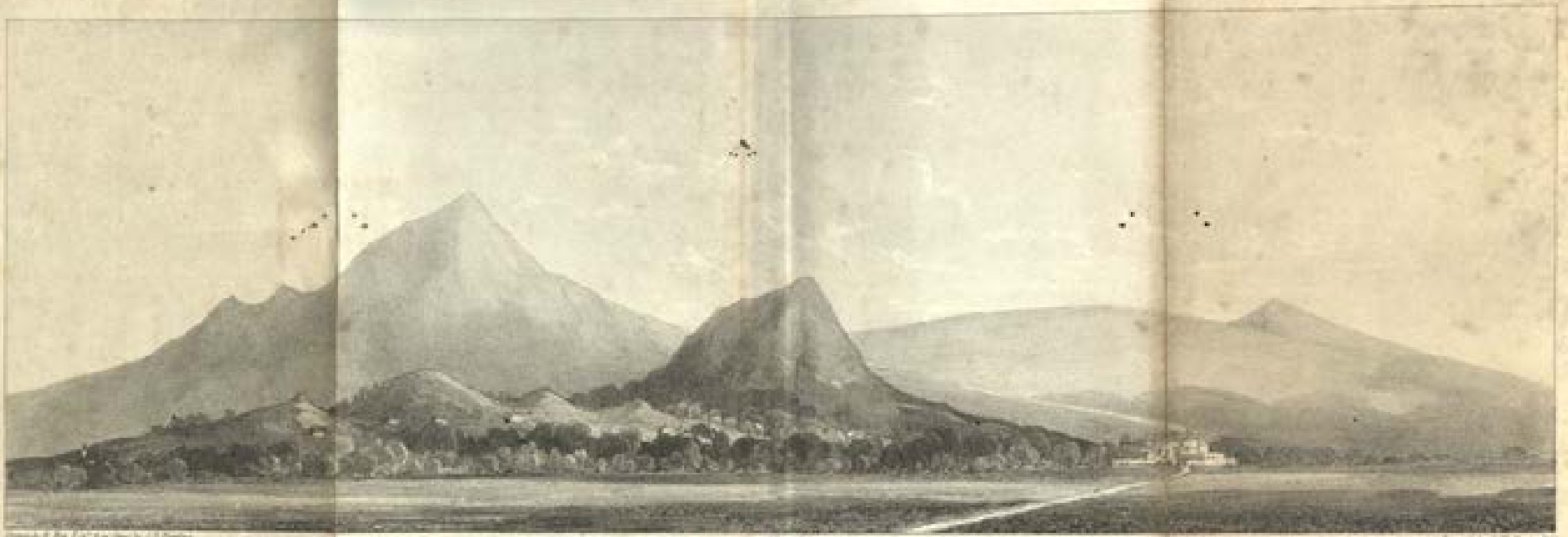
ERRATA.

Page 82, last line, *for* de la Porrella, *read* della Poretta.
131, line 5, *for* Mæcenas, *read* Mecænas.



Monte Cimino

VIEW IN APPROACHING VITERBO FROM THE NORTH

TOUR ON THE CONTINENT,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Calais—Lille—Brussels—Museum in the Old Palace—Field of Waterloo—Mons—Senlis—Paris.

On the 17th of June I sailed from Dover to Calais, where I arrived with a fine breeze in less than three hours, having gone on board the packet on one quay, and landed from it on the other, without being obliged to have recourse to a small boat on either side of the straits. As every thing is new to us at Calais, and as different from England as it is at the farthest extremity of France, though the town itself is old, and has nothing remarkable in it, our ar-

rival there, for the first time, is by no means the least interesting part of a continental tour. As I had once been at Paris before, a few months after the return of the King, by Boulogne and Abbeville, I left it on the following day for Brussels, by way of St. Omers and Lille.

The country to Ardres, and from thence to St. Omers, is somewhat woody, and rather agreeable than otherwise. At St. Omers there are some handsome old brick buildings, and two large churches, one of which is now in ruins, but having only stopped to change horses, I did not visit them. From thence to Cassel, the road still continues varied and pleasing. This town is situated on the summit of a hill, and the view from it is very fine and extensive, in every direction. The sea is visible, though at a great distance, as likewise two-and-twenty fortified towns. From thence to Lille, the country has still the same agreeable appearance, with small towns, villages, and thatched houses, sheltered by elm trees, intervening along the road. The women, as the weather was fine, were in general

sitting at work, or spinning in the open air, at the doors of their cottages, or under the shade of the trees, by the way-side, which seems much more the custom on the continent, than in England; the men whom I saw employed in the fields, I thought diminutive and ill-looking, much like the figures in Flemish pictures.—I still occasionally passed British dragoons, on the road, as the troops were not yet all withdrawn from this part of France.

Lille is a large handsome town, with ramparts and a citadel by Vauban, reckoned the chef-d'œuvre of that celebrated engineer. Some of the streets are not inferior to those of Paris. It is surrounded by green fields, and a great number of windmills. Tournay, fourteen miles from it, is likewise a large fortified town; the great church has four lofty towers, and resembles a castle at a distance more than a sacred edifice. From thence, till you arrive near Brussels, there is nothing interesting in the scenery; the road is through an open corn country, without woods or enclosures of any kind. The lofty tower of

the town of Ath, about half way between Lille and Brussels, has been at one time struck with lightning, and is so much injured by it, that it has at present almost the appearance of a ruin.

The approach to Brussels, like that of other great towns on the Continent, is by a broad straight road, with trees on each side, which though rather formal and uniform, must certainly be allowed to have a grand effect, notwithstanding. It is situated on a declivity facing the north-west, on the summit of which, adjoining the ramparts, is the Parc, surrounded by the Palace, and other fine buildings. By those who have never been at Paris, or seen the gardens of the Thuilleries, which this part of Brussels greatly resembles, the Parc will be very much admired. In the lower part of the town, the fine Gothic spire of St. Michael, or the town house, and the other ancient buildings in the square, or market-place, are what is most worthy of notice.

In the old palace, are a museum of natural history, and a fine collection of pictures, among

which are several of a large size by Rubens, and other celebrated masters, which had been in the Louvre gallery at Paris. Though every one must agree in admiring the paintings of Rubens, for grandeur of style, and brilliancy of colouring, I cannot help thinking that they have frequently an unfinished appearance, and that he makes use of red, or vermilion, a great deal too freely, particularly in the eyes; he is likewise, perhaps from having painted too rapidly, sometimes, in my opinion, deficient in expression. In one of the apartments is a large old picture, representing the Kermes, or Flemish fair, in the market-place, as it was in the sixteenth century, which, though of no great merit itself, is curious on account of its showing us the costumes and amusements of the times.

The Botanic Garden, belonging to the palace, is likewise very well worth visiting. It is not extensive indeed, but by that means, you see more remarkable plants in a small space than you otherwise would. The plants are arranged as they are at the Jardin du Roi at Paris.

Being here, I, of course, went to visit the scene of the battle of Waterloo. It is about nine miles distant from Brussels, to the south. The road is through the forest of Soigné, which consists entirely of beech trees all the way, till you arrive at the village and church of Waterloo, the roof of which is in the form of a dome; about a mile beyond which is the hamlet of St. Jean, close to where the battle was fought. "Ah, qu'il est un beau champs de bataille," said my conductor to me, as he pointed out the different positions of the two armies, the eminence opposite to that on which I stood, which the French occupied, and the vale or flat ground between, which they crossed, before they ascended to the attack of the English. He showed me the solitary tree, under which the Duke of Wellington stood during the engagement, which was already almost stripped of its branches, carried off as relics by the numerous visitors to the place; a spot where four hundred Frenchmen had all been buried together; the monument to the memory of Sir Alexander Gordon: and, after

purchasing a few of the military ornaments of the Frenchmen who fell there, I left this scene of a second battle of Crecy, and returned to Brussels, regretting, when it was hoped the war was at an end, that it should still have been found necessary, from the escape and return of Bonaparte, to shed so much human blood.

After stopping about a week at Brussels, I set out for Paris. At Mons, the chief town of Hainault, where I encountered a violent thunder storm, there is a very lofty tower; indeed, the towers in Brabant in general, are very grand and lofty, and may be said even to rival those in the north of Italy, in that respect. Valenciennes and Cambray, from the houses being lower than the ramparts, give you the idea of towns, destined never long to enjoy the blessings of peace, and repose. The country continues throughout, open, and unenclosed. At the old town of Peronne, you pass the river Somme, which flows through it. From Senlis, where I slept, I drove the next day, through the park of Chantilly, into the other road. The ground floor is all that

remains of the chateau, but notwithstanding, some of the Condé family were residing there at the time. A pond of very clear water, and a shrubbery, and flower garden round it, is all that is now to be seen there. The stables still remain entire however, and are very magnificent. I arrived in Paris in the beginning of July, a season when, on account of the beauty of the vineyards and orchards which surround it, and the fine avenues which lead to it, it is more agreeable than at any other.

CHAPTER II.

Paris—General Appearance of it—Louvre, and Gallery —Thuilleries—Remarks on other public Buildings—Jardin des Plantes—Catacombs—Royal Library—Theatres—Palaces.

THE first view of Paris, as you enter it by the gate of St. Denis, and drive along the Boulevards, is very striking and singular to a stranger, from the style of building, which has no resemblance whatever to English architecture, at least. The houses are very high, and contain of course a great number of inhabitants under the same roof; which is generally the case all over the Continent, originally, I suppose, from motives of defence, as well as warmth, and to make it a large capital in a small space, which is not necessary in London, the capital of an island, and consequently not liable to hostile attacks. It is built of a white calcareous free-stone, some-

thing like the Bath stone, but finer; except, however, in the new parts of Paris, along the Boulevards, near the Place de Vendôme and along the quays, the streets are narrow, dark, and disagreeable. The hotels of the nobility are, a great many of them, within courts, with a large gateway to the street, so that they can contribute but little to the embellishment of the town. When I was first at Paris, during the winter after the return of the King, the town was full of military, whose gay uniforms of every description enlivened the otherwise dull appearance of the streets. The inhabitants likewise still retained something of their manners, such as they were under Bonaparte, so that I saw the town in a state, such as I cannot expect to see it again. It had lost a great deal of its gaiety, and animation, however ill-timed these may have been, since I was last there, about a year and a half before; the streets looked gloomy, and the people changed indeed, but not improved.

The public buildings in Paris are in general grander, as likewise more numerous, than in

London; of these the Louvre is the most distinguished. Part of it was begun in the reign of Charles the Ninth, but notwithstanding it is still unfinished. The interior of the great court is of white stone, and very fine workmanship, but has now somewhat of an antiquated appearance. The façade to the east, and in particular the pediment in the centre of its long colonnade, is the most beautiful piece of architecture in Paris. The long gallery which connects it with the Thuilleries, now the Museum of Pictures, was built by Henry the Fourth, and formerly, before the Revolution, contained models of the different fortified towns of France, but was not then I believe open to the public, or exhibited without permission. In the exterior, it has certainly nothing worthy of admiration.

You ascend to it by a grand staircase, and enter first the saloon, which contains the battles of Alexander the Great, by Le Brun. It is lighted from the roof, and the annual exhibition of the works of French artists was there at this time, and in another apartment adjoining it. Girard's

large picture of Henry the Fourth's entry into Paris, was one amongst many others of great merit then exhibited.

The gallery is thirteen hundred and thirty feet long, with coupled columns of different sorts of marble, projecting from the walls for part of the way, which serve, in some measure, to break the tediousness of its apparently interminable length. There are still many fine pictures remaining in it, though the chefs-d'œuvre of the Italian masters are no longer there. The history of Mary de Medicis by Rubens, Champagne's pictures, the St. Michael of Raphael, Monna Lisa by Leonardo da Vinci, the Dropsical Lady by Gerard Dow, which originally cost thirty thousand florins, and was taken from the Royal Gallery at Turin. The languid look of resignation of the invalid, the grief of the daughter, and the whole finishing of this piece are admirable. The Pilgrims of Emaus, and portraits by Titian, Poussin's Deluge, and superb landscapes by Claude de Lorraine, form a part of the large collection.

In the Museum of Statues below, the halls of which are partly lined with marble, are some of the finest statues of antiquity, which have been purchased by the French, and therefore remain there, after those they plundered from Florence, and Rome, have been again transported to the towns they came from. Among these are the Fighting Gladiator, the Hermaphrodite of the Villa Borghese, the Pallas found at Velletri, the Alexander, Diana hunting, which originally belonged to the King of France, and gives name to the hall in which she is placed; Martius and Volumnia, a bust of a young Hercules, Seneca dying in the bath, after having opened his veins, of black marble, or basalt, with the eyes white; the superb Borghese vase, a very fine mosaic, and various Egyptian figures in basalt, veined alabaster, and different sorts of precious marbles. In short we may say that those who see it, even now that most of the other statues are carried back to whence they were brought from, need not go so far as Florence, or Rome, to satisfy sufficiently their curiosity in that respect.

The Palace of the Thuilleries, from its great length and magnitude, particularly the garden front, though built at different times, and not in a quite correct style of architecture, is certainly a very grand edifice. It is not so commodious, however, as it would have been, were it in a different form. The gardens are the finest walk in Paris. From the terrace, on the side next the river, is one of the most pleasing views of the various palaces, and fine buildings, which adorn its banks on the opposite side, extending almost from the Church of Notre Dame eastward, to the gilded dome of the Invalids to the west, and terminated by the wooded heights of Meudon, and Passy.

The Palace of the Legislative Assembly, formerly the Palais de Bourbon, opposite the bridge and Place de Louis Quinze, is both a grand and classical building, and the portico of twelve lofty columns very superb; but the entire want of windows on this side gives it, at a certain distance, a much too flat and monumental appearance.

The Place de Vendome, in which is the bronze column commemorative of Bonaparte's victories in Germany, though not large, is the finest square in Paris; it is not so beautiful, however, as the Palais Royal, the fine architecture of which, its green alleys, and fountain in the centre, are very striking at the first view of it.

The Hospital of Invalids, has always been admired, both on account of the excellence of its architecture, and its adaptation for the purpose for which it was built. The front is grand, though simple, and the military trophies over the windows at top, surmounted with gigantic-looking helmets, now blackened by time, have a fine and gloomy effect. The interior of the great court is surrounded by a piazza below, and above by galleries, with nine open arches, on each of its four sides. The chapel, on the south side of the building, is very beautiful; but the dome, instead of forming a part of it, as is usually the case, is quite separated from it in the interior, and placed at its farthest extremity, so that you have to leave the chapel, and walk

round to the south front, in order to get admittance into it. It is very rich in painting, stucco work, and gilding, but merely a dome, with four small open chapels at the corners. The exterior of the dome, though much admired before, is improved by having been gilded by Bonaparte, and has a very fine effect at a distance, from whatever point of view it is seen.

The Luxembourg, built by Mary de Medicis, widow of Henry the Fourth, in the Tuscan style of architecture, is one of the finest and most perfect edifices in Paris, and its gardens rival those of the Thuilleries in extent and beauty. In the gallery, which formerly contained the history of Mary de Medicis by Rubens, are at present some of the most celebrated pictures of David; the Horatii, the Judgment of Brutus, and others. In a small pavilion over the principal entrance, to which you walk upon the leads, is the fine statue of La Baigneuse. Opposite to the garden-front of the palace, at the end of a long avenue, lately planted with trees, is placed the Observatory, from the top of

which there is a very fine view of Paris and the adjacent country; and near it is the college of Porte Royale, a humble looking building in appearance, but where Racine and other celebrated men have been educated.

The Pantheon, or new church of St. Genevieve, not far from thence, is certainly a very fine building, but in the interior is better adapted for a mausoleum, than a church. Its length and breadth are nearly the same. The dome is lighted by a lantern at top: underneath it is a place of sepulture, in which are the remains of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other distinguished characters. The Corinthian columns of the portico, though grand and majestic, are at too great a distance from each other, and do not produce so fine an effect as they would if closer together. The dome is a great improvement to Paris, from the elevated situation of the church, in a picturesque point of view.

The Royal Botanic Garden is very well arranged, and the exotics very fine and flourishing. The large old elephant, which had a

round saloon for itself, not confined in a space just sufficient to contain it, as in the menagerie at Exeter Change, died lately. A black wolf from the Pyrenees, was one of the most singular of the animals I saw there. The bears in the trenches, appear to be a great amusement to the Parisians. On leaving the garden, I crossed the river by the iron bridge, to the emplacement of the once dreadful Bastile. I there saw, in a large timber edifice, the model of a gigantic elephant, fifty feet in height, which was to have been of bronze, with a reservoir of water on its back, intended by Bonaparte for a fountain; it certainly would have been a fine terminating object of view, at this end of the Boulevards, and an ornament, correspondent with the lofty houses of Paris.

One of the finest of the exhibitions in Paris is, or I should rather say was, the Museum of French Monuments at the Petits Augustins; but at present it is hardly worth visiting, compared with what it was formerly; as the greatest part of them are taken back to the places from

whence they were brought, and from which it was almost sacrilege ever to have removed them. The tomb of Dagobert, of the sixth century, which is curious and grotesque, as likewise others of the early kings of France, that of Eloisa and Abelard, of Francis the First, of Henry the Second, and Catherine de Medicis, and the magnificent one of the Duke of Orleans, are a few of those I remarked there. The chapel itself is now all that is open to the public, in which were also some of the works of the French sculptors of the present day.

I had the curiosity likewise to visit the Catacombs, to which you descend by a long winding staircase, with a taper in your hand; but I found the sensation of wandering in their narrow and low recesses, though there was a large party there at the same time, so very disagreeable, that I should neither repeat the visit myself, nor recommend it to any other person. If you should not keep up with your party, and your taper should chance to go out, you would most probably lose yourself in this labyrinth of bones

and skulls, and perhaps be left, locked up there, to your fate. In a little well or spring near the centre of them, about eighty feet under ground, there are some small gold fish, not, I think, in a very enviable situation. The south Boulevards, which go off from the barrier de l'Enfer, near which are the Catacombs, though solitary, and without buildings on each side like the north, far surpass them in the beauty of their avenues, the trees of which are very fine and lofty.

At the Royal Library, in the Rue de Richelieu, are several magnificent apartments, full of books and manuscripts. I saw there the two immense globes, made in the year 1683, by Coronelli, a Jesuit, for the Dauphin of France, which, however, are certainly more curious than useful; models likewise of the pyramids of Egypt, very fine medals and coins, engraved stones and cameos, the armour of Francis the First, and the two silver shields of Hannibal, and Scipio, found in the Rhone at Avignon.

Of the theatres, the French opera, or L'Aca-

demie de la Musique, is much the finest. In the interior it is of a square form, with fluted columns which project at the corners, and the boxes lined with blue. The operas performed there are fully as grand as those in London, and not near so tedious. The ballets, particularly that of Flore et Zephyre, were very splendid, and equal in scenery to those in London. There was one thing which struck me as particular there; the ladies of rank frequently come into the house followed by two footmen, who wait at the door of the box, or sit near it upon chairs, till she retires.

At the French theatre I saw and admired Talma, Mademoiselle George, and Mademoiselle Duchesnois, as likewise Brunet, a comic actor of great merit. I saw Mademoiselle George and Talma in Racine's tragedy of Athaliah, the former as the queen, and the latter as the high priest, and was very much pleased with the whole representation of the piece. Though I have seen Talma several times, in different characters, I have never seen him, unless when a

long bushy beard was part of the costume, which is so complete a mask to him, that I should not know him if I met him in the streets.

The Opera Comique and the minor theatres are always amusing, and generally always full. As to the French singing, I must confess I prefer their duets and trios to their solos. When I was first in Paris, Madame Catalani was at the Italian Opera, on the Boulevards, but she had not by any means so crowded audiences as she used to have in London.

The palaces of St. Cloud and Versailles quite equalled my expectations of them. There are no very large apartments in St. Cloud, but having been the usual residence of Maria Louisa, they are all splendidly furnished: the pleasure-grounds are very agreeable. Of the celebrated cascade, however, I only saw the architectural part, as there was no water flowing over it at the time.

The palace of Versailles is a vast edifice, but, at the same time, not a grand one. The gar-

dens are very fine, as likewise the orangery; but the water-works, which can seldom be seen at all, only played *demi jeu*, or half their greatest height, the day I happened to be there. The artificial rock in the gardens is very natural, and well placed. Before visiting Versailles, I had understood that the gardens had been much injured at the time of the Revolution, but they appear to be as well preserved, and in as great beauty, at present, as ever they have been. The gallery and chapel in the palace are very superb. The summer palace of Trianon, only one story in height, I did not admire much. The chairs, and sofas, of the tapestry of Beauvais, are the finest things I saw there.

The Chateau de Vincennes, formerly the chief residence of the kings of France, from its being very ancient, and still entire, is very well worth a visit. The keep, or tower, is very high, and singular looking in its architecture. The spot, under the walls, is pointed out where the Duc d'Enghien was shot by order of Bona-

parte, and there is a small chapel in the castle consecrated to his memory.

St. Germains, likewise, though the ancient chateau is destroyed, and the more modern one, built by Lewis the fourteenth, is now a barrack for soldiers, is still worth seeing, on account of the beauty of its situation, on a hill above the Seine, and the fine forest adjoining it. The road to it by Neuilly, is by far the most agreeable of any round Paris.

CHAPTER III.

Auxerre—Autun—Roman Antiquities there—Chalons—Lyons—Chambery—Aix—Geneva.

In the end of July, I set out for Switzerland, by Sens, Auxerre, and Chalons. At Sens, where I stopped a short time in passing, I visited the cathedral, which they say was built by the English, in the reign of Henry the sixth; though I do not think, by its style of architecture, which is evidently French Gothic, that it has. There is a fine monument in it, of the Dauphin and Dauphiness of France, parents of Lewis the sixteenth and the present king. The river Yonne accompanies you a great part of the way to Auxerre, flowing through agreeable meadows, and in a pleasant country. The town is seated on an eminence, surrounded by hills, covered with vineyards, on the banks of the river, with an ancient cathedral, and episcopal palace,

On the following morning, in ascending the hills to the eastward, on my way to Avallon, I met a countrywoman, who was calling to a large, rough, shepherd's dog, by the name of Jupiter; I have known many Junos among the species, but this was certainly the first time I had ever heard of a Jupiter. The accent, according to the French pronunciation, was laid on the last syllable however, which made it a name more fit for a dog than it would otherwise be. The road is hilly, almost mountainous, the whole of the way, with vineyards notwithstanding, even on the highest eminences. At Vermanton, in particular, I admired the hills all covered with vines, surrounding the town, and rising immediately above it. A little farther I passed a pleasant convent of monks, who seem always to have known, wherever they were, how to choose the most agreeable situations for themselves, placed under a hill on the right, in a verdant valley, watered by the river Yonne, which you then leave altogether. From this neighbourhood, but rather higher up the river, is brought

a great deal of the wood which is consumed in Paris.

To Saulieu, and from thence to Autun, the road is agreeable, and varied with hill and dale. For a considerable part of the way towards Autun, it is made with a sort of coarse red granite, from the mountains in the neighbourhood. At Autun, which is a bishoprick, are some of the finest Roman antiquities in France; and being the first buildings of the ancients I had ever seen, they were to me the more interesting on that account. They consist of two gateways still very entire, by one of which you enter the town, and a temple of Janus, rather a lofty looking edifice of brick, of a square form, with three windows in a line, on each of its sides; it is placed in a meadow, on the banks of the small river Arroux. There is likewise a lofty sort of pyramid, but quite in a ruined state, on a hill about a mile from the town, which is very conspicuous from a distance.

From Autun to Chalons on the Saone, the road is through woods and forest scenery, till

you arrive at the summit of a hill, from which you look down upon the broad valley of the Saone and Chalons, at some miles distance. In descending this hill, I saw the first Turkey wheat I had ever seen before, as there is none betwixt this part of France and Paris—a proof that I had already reached a milder climate, and was considerably advanced towards the south. Chalons is an agreeable town, in a pleasant, though rather flat situation, on the river Saone; on the banks of which there is a broad quay, with a handsome bridge, enlivened by the cheerful sound of water-mills in the river.

From the banks of the Saone, and from the windows of the inn, I could distinguish Mont Blanc, and the Aiguille Argentiere, though at least a hundred miles off. There are no hills to intercept the view of it; you see it, however, better with a glass: none of the other Alps are visible. I may thus say, that Mont Blanc can be seen two or three days' journey from Paris; and I am convinced that the refrigerative influence, of its great mass of snow, and ice, are felt

much farther than is imagined. On the following day, nothing but a distant prospect of the country, terminated by horizontal clouds, as usual, was to be seen. I have to observe, that the day before I saw it was a rainy one, which having cleared the atmosphere, was perhaps the reason I saw it so distinctly.

From Chalons to Macon, the road follows the course of the river, at no great distance from it; it is agreeable, but in general flat, and without much variety. Macon is likewise pleasantly situated on the river, and is celebrated for its wine, of which there is a great consumption in France. The dress of the women at Macon is singular; they wear black beaver hats, about the size of a small plate, which are stuck on the top of the head, for they are, of course, much too small for it to enter them, and quite the reverse of Ragotin's, in Scarron's Comic Romance, whose hat having been pulled entirely over his face by one of his mischievous associates, his long nose making it stick there, it was obliged to be cut open, to the great

terror and dismay of the little lawyer, by one of the strolling actresses, with a pair of scissars. They have likewise coloured worsted epaulets on their jackets, and spin, as is usual in France, out of doors, with a distaff. Not far from Macon, over the hills to the westward of it, is situated the famous Abbey of Clugny. Between Macon and Lyons, the country is varied and beautiful, with the lofty hills of the Charolais on the right, and woods and chateaus occasionally intervening. As you approach Lyons, it becomes romantic and picturesque, with high rocks, rising from the water's edge, crowned by fortifications in ruins.

Lyons is situated on a high peninsula, descending from the north to the south, between the two rivers Saone and Rhone, which unite a mile below the town. The quay on the banks of the Rhone, two miles in length, broad, and with very lofty houses of white stone, generally with balconies in the centre, has a very handsome appearance; so likewise have the two squares, La Grande Place, and La Place de Belcour, in

which the Hotel de Ville is situated. The rest of the town consists of narrow and mercantile streets, except on the quay of the Saone, which is broad in the part opposite to the Cathedral, and where there are two bridges over the river. The Rhone is a very full and rapid river at Lyons; and after its junction with the Saone, as it spreads out there, appears not less than two thousand feet in breadth. The view from the convent of La Fourviere, of Mont Blanc, and the high Alps of Dauphiny, part of which, like an immense white wall, appear almost to rival the former in height, together with that of the country to the east and south as far as the eye can reach, is superb. The Alps, indeed, from their great height, are nearly as well seen from the quay of the Rhone, but then you do not see from thence the intermediate country. There is a very good theatre at Lyons, and the performers little inferior to those of Paris.

After remaining about a week at Lyons, I set out for Geneva by the way of Chambery, intending to proceed from thence over the Sim-

plon to Italy. From Lyons to Pont Beauvoisin, the road is flat and broad the whole of the way, without much interesting scenery; I may likewise add that it is rough, from the broken causeway over which you are driven; notwithstanding that, there are summer roads at each side of it. At Pont Beauvoisin, the inn, which is on the French side of the river, and is the only one, is very indifferent for such a thoroughfare. As is frequently the case in France, you are obliged to pass through the kitchen, to arrive at the apartments, where you are to dine, or sleep. Immediately on passing a bridge of a single arch, you enter Savoy, where your baggage is searched. On leaving it, the road becomes romantic, and is in some places many hundred feet above the river, which is seen foaming beneath, of a green colour, or rushing with impetuosity through narrow and rocky channels. It is the same which runs through the Grande Chartreuse, which is at no great distance, on the south side of the mountains. You then come to the pass of Les Echelles, cut

out of the rock by Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, about a hundred and fifty years ago. As this is sometimes blocked up by snow in winter, there is a perforation of nine hundred feet in length, rather higher up, for another one, cut by order of Bonaparte, which took three years in doing, and is finished, though the road to it is not formed yet. Near Chambery to the right, close to the road, is a fine cascade some hundred feet in height, but with no great stream of water.

Chambery, which is the capital of Savoy, is a small town, in a sheltered and mild situation, surrounded by high mountains of calcareous limestone. The mulberry tree appears to thrive here. The mulberry for the silk-worm is the white mulberry, and something resembles a pear tree; not that which bears the fruit, and is cultivated in England. I only stopped there to dinner, and went on about six miles further, to Aix, the Aqua Gratiana of the Romans, where I remained for a few days, on account of the pleasantness of the situation. The waters are

warm and copious, better adapted for bathing than drinking. I saw one thing here which I had not seen before—horses taken into the baths for the sake of bathing. The inn, which is the post-house, is very indifferent, indeed I may say not fit to reside in; but I got good enough apartments in the town, and my breakfasts and dinners brought from it. The wild, or wood strawberries, are very fine here, as they generally are on the continent, and last till September.

The lake, about half a mile distant from the town, is deep, and of a blue colour. It resembles much in its scenery some of those of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The large eagle inhabits some of the mountains in the neighbourhood. A species of grasshopper, gray with scarlet, gray with blue, and green with orange sort of wings, are seen in numbers on some of the hills near the lake; and a great variety of butterflies in the fields and hedges.

On leaving Aix, I proceeded by Romilly and Frangy to Geneva. About twenty miles from Aix, I inquired of the postilion what mountain

that was to the right, beyond those which are above the lake of Annecy, which I knew to be Mont Blanc, the only one at that season of the year entirely covered with snow, or indeed that has any snow upon it at all in that direction; and he persisted in calling it Mont St. Catherine; though if we were to look in a map for it, certainly none of that name would be found. In that part of Savoy it has a different name, or they choose to make it a mountain of their own, which its great size making it appear nearer than it really is, enables them to do. But it is common enough for great mountains to have different names in different quarters and aspects.

About three or four leagues from Geneva, you perceive it at the eastern extremity of a broad valley, formed by the Jura on the left, and the mountain of Saleve on the right, with the lake in perspective beyond it. The appearance of the town, as you approach it on this side, is favourable, as there are some fine white buildings on a high situation fronting the west. On passing the fortifications, and entering the town,

however, you are somewhat disappointed in your expectations of it, as the streets are in general narrow and steep, and the buildings ancient. Some of them in the low part of the town have high piazzas of timber, which reach to the tops of the houses. The river Rhone, which runs through it in two branches, is of a deep blue colour, so much so that I could hardly believe, when I saw it first, that it was not coloured by the dyeing of blue cloth; it is clear, deep, and rapid, and crossed by two timber bridges.

Beyond the gates, on the road to Lausanne, there is a fine view of Mont Blanc and the lofty mountains in its neighbourhood, which are always visible in fine weather, and glittering in the sun towards the evening; they are not seen from any part of the town, however. From the terrace and promenade of St. Antoine, near the church, there is a fine view of the lake, the two pointed summits called the Dents d'Uches, the Jura, and part of the mountains of Savoy, but not of Mont Blanc, as the Saleve intercepts the view of it.

The water of the lake is very beautiful and clear, and the shores of it of gravel. There is a great variety of fish in the lake; among others, large salmon, sometimes fifty pounds in weight. A fish with a broad head, called the lotte, which I do not recollect to have seen in England, is one of the most common in the lake. The junction of the Rhone and the Arve, the river which flows from the valley of Chamouny, is singular, as they preserve for some distance their waters quite unmixed; the one being of a clear blue, and the other white and muddy.

Ferney, the country-seat of Voltaire, some miles distant from Geneva, on the Jura side of the lake, is another object of curiosity, being just in the state in which it was when he left it at the end of his days to return to Paris. The villas round Geneva, and on the borders of the lake, are some of them charming retreats, and have all the comforts of those in England, together with the beautiful scenery of the lake and the Alps.

CHAPTER IV.

Bonneville—Valley of Maglans—St. Martin—Chamouny—Mer de Glace—Source of the Arveron—Fine Cascade.

A SHORT time after arriving at Geneva, as even in the beginning of September, the mountains are frequently obscured by clouds or mists, I set out for Chamouny. At a few miles distance from Geneva there is a fine view from the brow of a hill, of Mont Blanc, and the mountains you are going to visit; you then descend to the banks of the river Arve, which flows near the road on the right, steep slopes interspersed with trees, rocks, and cottages, confining it on the left. In two or three hours you reach Bonneville, an agreeable town, near which is an ancient castle on a rock, and the Mole, a verdant mountain, four thousand five hundred feet in height, at some distance from it.

At Bonneville you cross the Arve, on a fine stone bridge, and proceed along a vale with high mountains on the right, and the Mole on the left, to Cluse, a small town under the mountains, at the entrance of the valley of Maglans. Here you cross the Arve again, which continues to flow close to the road, on the right, all the way up it. This narrow valley is very romantic and beautiful, with high mountains and precipices on the right and left. Those to the left are of a yellow-looking calcareous stone, quite perpendicular; in one part with hollows, or indentures, resembling the windows of a Gothic cathedral." The cavern of Balme is near this part of it, which, however, I did not visit, as it is high up in the face of the rock, and the access to it difficult. You then pass the cascade d'Arpennas, which is eight hundred feet in height, and close to the road; not far from which, are very curious strata of basaltic columns, in an arched or circular form.

The inn at St. Martin, where I stopped to sleep, is pleasantly situated close to the river,

having Mont Blanc in front, and the Aiguille de Varens, a grand and beautiful rock, behind it. Mont Blanc, however, is best seen from Salleniche, a town about a mile from St. Martin, where there is likewise an inn. From a hill above the town there is a full view of it directly opposite, not more than three or four miles distant from its base, at the other end of the plain; but even from this point of view, which is the best, it is too near to see it properly. The Empress Josephine, and her party, were at the inn at St. Martin, when she went to visit the Glaciers; and their names, I believe, are inscribed in the album which is kept there.

The road from thence to Chamouny is far from agreeable in many respects. You travel, as it is impracticable for any other carriage, in a char à banc, a sort of vehicle something resembling a wooden sofa on wheels, step by step the whole of the way for eighteen miles. You first go along a branch of the Arve, or a small river which runs into it, the banks of which have tumbled in in several places, so that you have to

go off the road in order to continue your journey. When you have reached the end of the plain, about three miles from St. Martin, the road is up hill, and rough. After about two hours travelling in this manner, you come to a dangerous muddy torrent, called the Nant Noir, or Black Torrent (Nant, in Savoy, signifying a torrent), which it is necessary to pass, and in which travellers have frequently run the risk of losing their lives, as there is no bridge, neither do I believe, from the loose soil of the banks, that it is possible there can be any.

You next come to a pretty clear pool of water, called the Lac de Chede, surrounded by rocks, intermixed with natural groves of oaks, and larch trees. This little lake, I was informed, has frequently been stocked with fish, but they have always been devoured, by the snakes which abound here, and which come down into it, in spring and summer.

The visitors to Chamouny generally stop for some time to take refreshment at Servoz, an agreeable village, with small orchards and gar-

dens, and overlooked by Mont Blanc and the neighbouring mountains. I found a large party here repairing to Chamouny; but as I rode upon a mule myself, I arrived there two or three hours before them. It was near Servoz that, about sixty years ago, the whole summit of a mountain fell with a tremendous crash, when the people were at church on Sunday. The King of Sardinia was informed of it immediately, and sent men of science to inquire into the cause of it. It had been said at first that it was owing to a volcano which had burst forth, but it was found to be only owing to its having been undermined with water.

Not far from thence, almost close to the road, is a monument erected to the memory of a young German, of the name of Eschen, who lost his life during the Consulate of Bonaparte, whilst exploring the Glaciers of the Buet, by falling into one of its crevices, owing to his rashness in not obeying, or going without a guide. The road to the Glacier of the Buet, a mountain ten thousand feet in height, goes off to the left from

that leading to Chamouny, and there are lead mines near it.

You then pass a wooden bridge over the Arve, near which is the old castle of St. Michel, on an eminence above the river, surrounded with woods, and said by the country people to be the haunt of sorcerers and evil spirits; and then ascend the Montées, as it is called. This ascent is the most romantic and truly Alpine in its appearance of any I have ever seen—the river Arve in a tremendous abyss below, and precipices of stupendous height, covered with pine trees, above it. The road here is nothing but large stones, each of them as large as a char à banc itself, and over which it is jolted to the summit, whilst the company slowly walk up.

When arrived at the top of the Montées you descend into the valley of Chamouny, with the snowy summits of Mont Blanc towering above it. You travel on through hamlets and orchards, and over ravines and rivulets, till you arrive at the Glacier de Boissons, which descends from the highest summit of Mont Blanc itself. In

winter there is sometimes formed at the base of this glacier, close to the road, a pyramid of ice, of an azure colour, thirty or forty feet in height. The Breven, a mountain about six thousand feet high, the summit of which resembles an old fortification, stands opposite to Mont Blanc, just over you to the left; and gigantic peaks, upwards of nine thousand feet in height, rising out of a base covered with pine trees, overlook the village of Chamouny to the right, distant about two miles from the Glacier of Boissons.

All the hotels, and all the tables d'hôtes, were full of people from different parts of the world, who stop for two, or at most, three days, which is sufficient, if the weather is fine, to see all that is to be seen, and then depart, in all probability, never to meet again.

The peaks above Chamouny, of a pale brown colour, marbled and glazed with ice and snow, when illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and appearing just above you at such a height, whilst the valley itself is in sombre obscurity, has a very fine effect towards the evening.

" Can my eyes
Reach thy size ?"

as the Liliputian poem addressed to Gulliver says, I applied to Mont Blanc in the valley of Chamouny ; in fact they cannot, of so gigantic and bulky a mountain. Peaks, as before said, of nine thousand feet in height, which elsewhere, standing alone, would appear quite sublime, look really nothing very extraordinary when seen near their immense snowy neighbour.

On the following morning I set out to visit the Mer de Glace and the source of the Arveron. The ascent up the Montanvert, though you go part of the way on a mule, is notwithstanding very fatiguing. The Empress Josephine and her party, as I was informed, were all carried up this very steep ascent, of three thousand feet, in litters, by men who relieved each other during the way. The path is through pine trees and bushes of rhododendron (rhododendron ferrugineum), of a bright pink colour, called the rose of the Alps. When arrived at the summit of the Montanvert I found there a large party of English, and others,

some of whom were at the same hotel as myself.

The scenery is certainly, I believe, unequalled, and must be seen in order to have any true idea of it. The Mer de Glace itself, with its frozen waves just beneath, the stupendous Peak de Dru, like an immense black obelisk, glazed with ice, opposite, on the other side of it, and the more distant snowy rocks and valleys, are the most remarkable objects which present themselves towards the south. On the north side, the view of the valley, the Arve winding through it, and the village of Chamouny, all lying like a map before you, are no less singular-looking and romantic. I went upon the ice, but did not advance far upon it, as I found it difficult to walk upon, and disagreeable, from the idea of inevitable death if I should slip a foot and fall into one of its crevices. Accidents likewise frequently occur upon it. A princess from Germany, as my guide informed me, had her leg broke some years ago, by a large piece of ice tumbling against her, which, as the Montanvert

is so difficult to descend from, makes such an accident even more disagreeable than it is in itself.

On leaving the Montanvert I descended by a still more precipitous path, justly called the Chemin de Chevres, to the source of the Arveron. As a proof of its excessive steepness, being fatigued on the way, and having sat down beneath a pine tree, I put down by me a fine opera-glass I had been using, but without sufficient precaution, as having touched it inadvertently, it instantly rolled down the almost perpendicular declivity to my no small regret and astonishment. However, notwithstanding that it fell some hundred feet, increasing in velocity as it descended, I recovered it, though much injured, and with the glass broke, as likewise the Morocco-leather case in which it was at the time.

The Mer de Glace in its descent to the source of the Arveron, resembles a vast river flowing down the side of a mountain, and suddenly arrested by the power of frost, with high pyramids of ice, of an azure, or sea-green colour,

rising out of it. There is in fact a magnificent cascade flowing over the ice on that side of the descent of the Mer de Glace, which is next the Chemin de Chevres, which I had been looking at when I lost my glass. The arch or cavern of ice, from which the Arveron flows, when I saw it, was of no great size or altitude; and the river itself, which entirely fills up the space of the cavern, of course prevents you from approaching near it, or entering it; it is however much more magnificent some years, than it is others. The fall of the pyramids of ice on the glacier, are often heard as far off as the village of Chamouny.

I believe the best view of Mont Blanc, though even that is too near, is from the Col de Balme, in the way to Martigny, in the valley; and many visitors return that way, and so round by the lake of Geneva; or if they intend passing over the Simplon to Italy, order their carriages and servants to meet them there, and then continue their route. I, however, returned to Geneva the same way I came, and went to visit a very fine

cascade about three miles from St. Martin, not far out of the road. The walk up to it, is like one in a pleasure-ground or orchard. The best time to see it, I was informed, is at eight o'clock in the morning, as from facing the east, a rainbow, in the summer season, is at that time formed over it.

CHAPTER V.

Lausanne—Fribourg—Berne—View of Alps—Arberg—Neufchatel—Valley of Moutiers Travers.

In order to go to Italy, by the Simplon, it is necessary to have your passport, signed by the Austrian ambassador at Berne, if you have not had it done before, in London or Paris. This may be done by post; but there are few of those who visit Geneva, who do not likewise make an excursion to Berne, at least, if not to the rest of Switzerland, as besides seeing the town itself, you have by that means, a view of the lofty Helvetian Alps, which you cannot have so well, by any other means.

From Geneva to Lausanne, which is the way to Berne, the road goes through the Pays de Vaud, all along the lake, passing through several agreeable towns, surrounded by vineyards, and fruit trees, and over small rivers running

into the lake, from the Jura mountains, till you reach Lausanne, placed on an eminence facing the west.

It is, except one street, on the side nearest the lake, though about a mile distant from it, an irregular town, partly in a hollow, with the cathedral on an eminence above it, to which there ought to be a high bridge, in order to connect it in a proper manner with the other part of it. It is nothing remarkable in itself, but from the platform, on which it stands, there is a fine view of the lake to the westward, as far as Geneva, and the fort de l'Ecluse.

The mountains at the upper end of the lake, and the Dents d'Uches, which are opposite to Lausanne, on the Savoy side, are very picturesque and romantic. Whilst I stopped here for a day, I took an agreeable walk, some distance to the east of the town, when following a by-road, it brought me to a fine romantic rivulet, falling in cascades, amidst rocks and woods, from the mountains to the north-east. The celebrated historian Gibbon resided a long

time at Lausanne, and the residence of Madame de Stael is near the town.

From Lausanne to Payerne, where was the first inn, in the Swiss style of architecture that I had seen, the road is hilly, almost the whole of the way. From thence to Fribourg, the country is agreeable, with the hills above Neufchatel, and the lake of Bienne, always in view.

Fribourg is a town of considerable size, with steep streets down to the river Sane. The numerous clergy in the streets, as well as the appearance of the inhabitants themselves, inform you, that it is a Catholic one. The river is romantic, with high rocks of yellow freestone rising abruptly above it. From thence to Berne you have the view of the mountains in front, though not so fine a one as you have when you arrive at the town.

Berne is situated upon a high peninsula, surrounded by the river Aar, which descends from the Alps to the south-east. It is built of white freestone, with fountains, and a stream of water running down in the middle of the principal

street. There is a piazza likewise, on each side of it. The cathedral, the residences of the ambassadors, and most of the best houses in the town, are in this street, with gardens on the declivity to the south, in view of the mountains. Many of the houses have double glass windows, on account of the severity of the cold in winter. The cathedral is situated on a lofty platform, the wall that supports which, on the side next the river, is a hundred and thirty feet perpendicular in height. The view from thence of the Jungfrau horn, Shrekhorn, Finster Aär horn, and the other high Alps, is the finest in Berne. They are particularly grand in the evening before sunset. The view in Coxe's Travels is very accurate, only that they are there represented as much more distant than they are in reality. Shrekhorn is forked at the summit, and has a singular form, ascending in a high narrow peak, out of a broader base. As I had already seen the Glaciers of Chamouny, I did not visit those of Grindelwald, but was satisfied

with the view of the mountains at a distance, without a nearer approach to them.

Woods of pine trees abound in this part of Switzerland, and it is the only timber used for every purpose, generally without being painted, except in the interior of houses, and frequently not even there. Fir wood is likewise used for fuel.

There are fine public walks and drives on the other side of the river, but in too elevated a situation for any season but summer. I took an agreeable walk, a little out of the town, about the distance of a mile, on the road to Thun, when turning to the right, I came to a wood just above the river Aar, which you see for several miles up, running down from the mountains, with the high Alps at a distance, forming the back-ground of the picture. When seen from Berne, the view of the mountains is indeed much the same, but the fore-ground is not near so beautiful and picturesque.

The costume of the country women in the neighbourhood of Berne, is singular, particularly

the head-dress, which consists of two wings of black gauze, sticking out from the side of the head, and the hair plaited, or tied with a ribbon, and hanging to a great length down the back; as to the rest of their dress, it much resembles that of the women elsewhere in Switzerland, only more showy and ornamented.

Having satisfied my curiosity as to Berne, which, though neither a large nor a cheerful town, is certainly worthy of the rank it holds, as capital of Switzerland, I set out on my return to Geneva, by way of Neufchatel, a different road from that which I came by. A few miles distant from it, I crossed the river Aar by a fine wooden bridge, covered with a roof of tiles, at a place where its banks are adorned with pine trees. From thence I proceeded to Arberg, where I again crossed the Aar, on a long covered bridge, as before. From Arberg to the top of the lake of Neufchatel, the distance is about fifteen miles. When near Neufchatel, you cross the river Tiele, running out of the lake to join that of Bienne, and proceed to it on a road

elevated above the lake, and protected by a wall, on the side next to it.

The town is about two miles from the top of the lake, which is twenty miles in length, and five in breadth. It is more than two hundred feet deep, opposite to Neufchatel, and fish are more plentiful in it, and in greater variety, even than in the lake of Geneva. The town is small, but ancient. There is a castle there, and a church built in the tenth century. In the churchyard, are three old elm trees, among the largest I have ever seen. It is sheltered from the north-west by the Jura mountains, on the steep slopes of which, near the town, are vineyards which produce an excellent sort of wine, both red and white; on the other side, is the lake, and the country towards Berne, with the lofty range of the Alps beyond, whose summits terminate the prospect.

Whilst here for a day or two, I made an excursion to Moutiers Travers, where Rousseau resided for the space of three years. It is on the road which leads across the Jura to Portarlier,

and Besançon. A valley of moderate breadth, formed by limestone mountains of no great height, from the bases of which burst forth with impetuosity, copious streams of the clearest water, intermixed occasionally with woods of birch, and pine trees, is the sort of scenery which presents itself; quiet, rural, and sequestered, but, at the same time, not solitary, or beyond the haunts of men.

This road across the Jura, is in some respects preferable to the new one formed by Bonaparte, which comes down near Geneva. The Jura, in which two days' travelling among rocks, and woods of pine trees, is generally spent, is almost as troublesome to pass, as the Alps are, and the road from Neufchatel is not so mountainous and inaccessible as the new one, which passes near the Dole, the highest summit of it. From Neufchatel to Geneva, you go all along the banks of the lake, and through Granson and Yverdun, situated at the other end of it. From thence the road is again through the Pays de Vaud, to Geneva.

CHAPTER VI.

St. Gingoulph—Martigny—Sion—Briegg—Passage of the Simplon—Domo d'Ossola—Lago Maggiore—Cesto—Milan.

On September the 16th I left Geneva for Italy, by the road on the Savoy side of the lake, and stopped to dinner at Thonon, a town on an elevated situation, with a castle, on the broadest part of it. About three, or four leagues farther, I approached near the Dents d'Uches, those two peaks, which have so singular an appearance from Geneva. Farther on is Meillerie, and its rocks, which are celebrated by Rousseau in his Eloise. The lake beneath them is of a dark blue colour, and the road goes close along it, defended by a parapet. St. Gingoulph, where I arrived about sunset, is a pleasant romantic spot, beneath woody mountains, with a fine view of Vevay, and the chateau de Chillon, on the opposite side of the lake.

Next morning I set out for Martigny. On turning up from the lake into the Valais, the breeze met me as suddenly, as if I was turning the corner of a street in a windy day. From thence I travelled through shady lanes, small villages, and orchards, with the Rhone on my left, and high mountains on each side, to St. Maurice, a romantic town, with a high bridge, of a single arch, over the river, leading to the opposite side, said to be a work of the Romans. There is a curious hermitage here in a rock, near the road, but I did not visit it, indeed it appears from thence, as almost inaccessible.

After dinner I proceeded to Martigny. Beyond St. Maurice, the Valais has a more barren appearance than it has on the other side, the mountains to the right, and left, are very lofty; and at the extremity of it, to the south, are seen mountains covered with snow, towards the Grand St. Bernard. About three, or four miles from St. Maurice, there is a grand cascade, descending from the rocks on the right, but not sufficiently adorned with trees, or brush-

wood, for picturesque beauty. About sunset I passed the rapid river Drance, running down to meet the Rhone, over a timber bridge, with an ancient castle on a rock above it, and arrived at Martigny.

This small town is placed nearly at the western extremity of the upper Valais. The inn was full of travellers, English and others, either returned from, or going to Chamouny, which is not many miles off, over the opposite mountain; from hence likewise, up the valley of the Drance, is the road over the grand St. Bernard, passed by Bonaparte and his army before the battle of Marengo, and which, before the road by the Simplon was formed, was the usual one from Switzerland to Italy. On the following morning, I set out on my journey eastward, up the Valais, and in a few hours arrived at Sion, its capital, situated about the centre of it. It is a handsome, well-built town, with the castle, or palace of the Bishop, on an eminence above it. I slept at Sierre, a small romantic town, and breakfasted at Tourtmagne, near which there is a

beautiful cascade, formed by a rivulet, descending from the mountains on the right. In this part of the Valais, one of the mountains of the Simplon is seen at its extremity, a great way off, like a tall white obelisk, terminating the view.

Between Tourtmagne and Briegg, is the town of Viegge. It is situated at the opening of a valley, extending southwards, which is terminated by a vast snowy mountain, and is one of the most beautiful scenes in the route. The villages near Briegg, where I arrived to dinner, are scattered in numbers, on the sides of the mountains, facing the sun, in situations apparently inaccessible, except on foot, and one would suppose without any water, otherwise they must abound in springs. This part of the Valais lays on the south side of the Swiss Alps of Jungfrau horn, Finster Aar horn, and the others which are seen from Berne. To the east of Briegg, just above the town, is a very beautiful mountain, about five thousand feet in height, which at this time was slightly powdered with fresh snow, not all white, like

the perpetual snow of the glacier mountains. Some peaches they gave me here for dessert, they informed me, had been brought from Italy.

In travelling up the Valais, almost the whole of the way, from the lake of Geneva to Briegg, persons afflicted with the goitre, or glandular swelling under the throat, as likewise idiots, are so very numerous, that notwithstanding the pleasure you derive from the romantic scenery, and the grand and grotesque appearance of the mountains which enclose it, it is absolutely disagreeable to travel to Italy by this road on that account.

On the following morning before daylight, I began to ascend the Simplon, in order to arrive at Domo d'Ossola that evening. The road ascends gradually at first, along the side of the mountains, with a woody and profound valley on the right, and a river below; it then crosses the valley by a fine bridge, the first of the many which occur on this route, and goes along the opposite side of the valley, but always ascending notwithstanding. It thus continues

winding along on each side of valleys, to a great height, when glaciers are seen on the rocks above you, and you arrive on a plain four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, overlooked by immense mountains separate from each other, and entirely covered with snow.

This part of the Alps is composed of a shining sort of schistus, or slate, as you perceive by the roads, which are formed of it. The new hospice, built by Bonaparte, is situated about the centre of the plain, near the old one, but is unfinished. In going along the last of the valleys you cross, before you arrive at the summit, where the plain is, you see the old road, apparently not more than a few feet wide, ascending in a continued zig-zag manner from the bottom of the valley, and only fit for mules or pedestrians.

The village of the Simplon is about a mile or two beyond the hospice. It is small, and meanly built, situated a little way below the commencement of the descent towards Italy.

The woods on the sides of the mountains, as you descend to it, are chiefly of the larch tree. To the west is the snowy mountain of the Rossboden, with a fine glacier, visible from the road, where I saw a large eagle soaring about. Provisions are scarce here, and those with which the inn is supplied, are brought from Domo d'Ossola. They have fine moor-fowl and salmon, however; but as there is no river fit for salmon, that likewise must have come from a distance.

On leaving the village of the Simplon, you descend to an impetuous torrent, called the Doveria, the course of which you follow all the way, to the plain in which Domo d'Ossola is situated. In one place, where the road is cut out of the high schistus rocks by which the river is confined, it reminded me of some tales I have read, where the traveller is enclosed in a valley, from which, as there is no egress, he makes his escape, by entering a cavern, through which a river runs, and trusting himself to his fate upon a float, at length arrives at an inhabited country. At the end of this

narrow defile, you enter the grand gallery of the Simplon, which you pass in darkness visible, and upon approaching the farther extremity of it, are struck with the loud noise of the fall of waters, mingled with that of the trampling of the horses. Immediately on emerging from it, a torrent presents itself, which, tumbling from black rocks, and rushing into the Doveria, you find to be the cause of it. Over this you pass on a bridge of one arch, and then follow again the course of the river.

Near Gondo, likewise, a little way farther, the road is very singular and romantic; waterfalls, steep precipices of immense height, every thing, in short, which constitutes that sort of scenery, is presented to the eye of the traveller.

Beyond Isella, where, as you then enter Italy, your baggage and passport are examined, the valley becomes broader, and is no longer confined between stupendous rocks. White cottages, almost concealed with vines and creeping plants, appear on the left, and you begin already to be sensible of the genial influence of a

warmer climate. Beyond this you pass the fine bridge of the Crevola, and turn to the west to Domo d'Ossola, which is two miles beyond it.

The situation of the town is agreeable, in a small plain, at the foot of the mountains, facing the sun, with the river Toccia, into which the Doveria runs, flowing through it, amidst copses of alder trees. This river you follow to the Lago Maggiore.

On the following morning I continued my route. The road, on leaving Domo d'Ossola, goes directly west for three or four miles, to Villa, the church tower of which, unlike those of France or Switzerland, informs you that you are in Italy. You then cross a bridge, and, turning to the south, descend the valley, watered by the Toccia to the Lago Maggiore. Rain and mist prevented me from seeing far on either side. The river is crossed several times on very handsome bridges, and the road is very fine, with posts of granite set up at regular distances all the way. As I approached the Lago Maggiore, at Feriola, the day cleared up

for some time, and gave me an opportunity of seeing the beautiful Borromean islands. The Isola Bella is the island nearest the shore; the Isola Madre is at a considerable distance from it, to the eastward; there are likewise some houses, inhabited by fishermen, rising, as it were, out of the water, and forming a small town, or village, near the former of the islands.

The walls of the palace of the Isola Bella are washed by the lake. The centre part of it to the north is still unfinished. I admired in the interior, the low rooms of mosaic, or grotto work, formed of pebbles, the windows of which look out upon the lake, and are almost on a level with it. There are some fine pictures in the apartments, which however are all small, except one large saloon. Carving and gilding, in imitation of knots of ribbons, is the prevailing ornament in all the frames of the pictures, and mirrors. The gardens arise in form of a pyramid, of ten stages, or terraces, behind the palace to the south. The oranges, and citrons here, are very fine; and there is a laurel, as

large as a full-grown forest tree, on the bark of which Bonaparte had carved his initials with a knife, just before the battle of Marengo, and which are still remaining. The villa, or house, on the Isola Madre, which fronts the west, is plain, and without ornament; the island is larger, however, and the gardens very beautiful, but in a different style, from those of the Isola Bella. The lake, towards the centre, is said, in one part of it, to be of the great depth of eighteen hundred feet, and is very rough occasionally. The road along it is very fine, and smooth, and there are several towns, and villas on its banks. Fine grapes, the vines supported by pillars of granite, fields of millet, every thing is luxuriant in this favoured spot.

Near Arona you see the gigantic bronze statue of Cardinal Borromeo in his robes, seventy feet in height, besides the base, which is forty feet more, standing like a tower on the hill, to the right.

Just before crossing the Tessino, at the ferry of Cesto, there came on such a shower, as I

hardly ever witnessed. I arrived safe however, without being drenched, or drowned, as I almost expected to be. The river at Cesto, where it issues out of the lake, is as broad as the Thames at London. It is about a quarter of a mile, from the lake itself.

Next morning, when the rain had ceased, I set out for Milan. On the way I met a peasant, whom, had it not been in Italy, I should have taken for a North American savage from his appearance. To shelter himself from the rain he wore a large cloak, if I may so call it, made of rushes, which stuck out in form of an umbrella, and without shoes, or stockings. This is by no means an uncommon costume, in the fertile plains of Lombardy.

As I set out late from Cesto, on account of the rain, instead of going on to Milan, that evening, I stopped at an agreeable small town, or village, called Castellan, where I slept. On the following morning, taking a walk before my departure, I went in order to have a better view of the mountains towards the Lago Maggiore,

which I had quitted, into a sort of avenue open to the road, but which, it seems, led to a vineyard, and was understood to be private property, when two Italian countrymen came up to me, and with angry countenances, said I had no business there. On my offering them a trifle for this trespass, if so it could be called, they said they did not want money, and that I must go along with them *in carcere* (to prison), at the same time crossing their hands, as if they were tied together, as those of criminals are, that I might understand them the better, and accusing me of pulling grapes. As, however, I had not reached the vineyard, neither do I believe, there were any to pull at the time, the vintage being almost over, of which they were conscious themselves, I knew I could easily clear myself of that charge, and requested to be conducted to the inn, when my servant, who understood a little of Italian, having spoke to them, they accepted of a few francs, and after making something of an apology for their behaviour, they went away. I may have met

with surly fellows before, on such an occasion, though I do not recollect that I have, but it was certainly the first time in my life, I ever saw men pale with rage, on that account. Jealousy in this respect, as to trespassing on their property, is one of the characteristics of the Italians, in this part of Italy at least; and I should not advise any person to think of taking a walk there, as they would elsewhere, except upon the highway. When clear of this scrape, I set out, and travelled over a fine road, and cultivated plain, to Milan.

CHAPTER VII.

Milan—Piacenza—Parma—Bologna—The Apennines—Florence.

THE dome of the cathedral, rising out of innumerable white pinnacles, is the principal object, in approaching Milan. The country round, is quite flat, but all inclosed, with poplars, mulberry, and fruit trees, along the road. The triumphal arch intended by Bonaparte, as an entrance to the town, on this side, is near the road, but is still unfinished. The town is large, and well built, the houses, in general, white-washed, with stone round the doors, and windows.

The cathedral, to which I repaired almost immediately on my arrival, is indeed justly entitled to the rank it holds, of the second church in Italy, and would certainly be the first in every other country in Europe. As I ap-

proached it, the sun shone on its white front, and marble pinnacles, each supporting the statue of a saint, and I certainly never saw any building before, so singular looking, and at the same time, so beautiful. It is four hundred and seventeen feet in length, by three hundred and twelve in breadth, consequently much broader, in proportion to its length, than Gothic churches usually are. In the interior, there are four rows of marble columns, forming five different naves, which as the view is not intercepted by them, you see quite across the church, in every direction. Beneath the dome, is a subterraneous chapel, in which is a tomb of solid silver, containing the body of St. Carlo Borromeo in a case of crystal. Near to the cathedral, in the open space, in which it is situated, is the palace of the Viceroy, a modern-looking building, of the Ionic architecture, forming three sides of a square.

This part of the town is nearly in the centre of it, and the streets leading to it are narrower than those near the gates, or the Corso, where

most of the best houses, and palaces are. Among other shops, such as are generally met with in streets, the noisy ones of smiths are very common here; but as Milan was, in former times, celebrated for the fabrication of arms and armour, I suppose these Vulcans of the present day are the lineal descendants of those in the days of chivalry. Another thing which struck me as singular is, that the houses are not numbered by the streets, as in London, and elsewhere, but all over the town, I believe, in thousands.

The college of the Brera, once a convent of the Jesuits, possesses a fine collection of pictures, books, and manuscripts, and is always open to the public.

No one, of course, who goes to Milan, neglects to visit the cloister of the church of the Dominicans, in which is the famous picture of the Santa Cena, or Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci. It is now a good deal injured by time, being painted in fresco, on the wall of the refectory. They are copying it, however, at present, in mosaic, and the Italians excel so

much, in this art, which makes pictures so long perpetual, that it is less to be regretted than it otherwise would.

The colonnade of the church of St. Lorenzo, consisting of sixteen pillars, is part of an ancient temple, and is likewise well worth a visit.

The Opera-house, called de la Scala, from being built upon the site of a church, dedicated to Santa Maria de la Scala, is the largest in Italy, something in the interior resembling that of London; but there are no seats in the back part of the pit, only in front, towards the orchestra, so that it is the custom to stand, or walk about there.

For the lower orders, a puppet-show is the great amusement, as well here, as all over Italy. In the square, in front of the cathedral, I used to see crowds of people surrounding it in the evening, staying patiently till the performance was concluded, and then retiring to their homes, after it was all over, apparently as much, or more satisfied than they would have been with

the finest opera, at the theatre de la Scala, or comic representation at Goldoni's.

The Corso, on the ramparts, formed, or at least improved by the French, is a very fine one, and much resorted to by company towards the evening. The citadel is a large building, with round towers at the corners, on the north west part of the city, with a large field for military exercises, and public walks adjoining it. From thence, though not in an elevated situation, when the weather is clear, Monte Rosa*, an immense mountain, nearly as high as Mont Blanc itself, and all the Alps to the north and west, are very visible, as likewise the mountains above the lake of Como, and those to the eastward of

* Monte Rosa, which is all composed of schistus rocks, in horizontal strata, is, I believe, the same mountain which in D'Anville's, and other old maps, is called Monte Moro. It is perhaps called Monte Rosa from the sun setting on its snowy declivities, and tinging them of a red colour. The highest, and steepest part of it, is to the south-east, towards Milan.

it. This view, however, I only had once, the day before I left Milan.

On the ninth of October, I set out for Bologna, along a fine flat road, with ditches of running water, on each side of the way, and small bridges over them, with gates, belonging to the proprietors of vineyards, gardens, and villas. I stopped to breakfast at Lodi, on the river Adda, celebrated for the victory obtained there by Bonaparte, over the Austrians. The spot where the battle took place, is on the other side of the bridge, in the road to Venice. Near this town is made a great deal of the famous Parmesan cheese.

On leaving Lodi, the country still continues to have the same flat appearance; the Apennines, however, soon begin to rise in the distance to the right, which gives more variety to the scene, than it would otherwise have. I then crossed the Po, which is here both broad and deep, to Piacenza, on the opposite side of the river. The situation of Piacenza is an ancient Roman one. The palace of Maria Louisa, the front of

which forms part of the street, is the finest building in the town.

On the following morning I pursued my journey to Parma, and passed, on the right of the road, the country seat of Maria Louisa, a large and lofty building on an eminence, as likewise the old Gothic castle of Guelpho, with singular-looking round towers, which is close to the road, and also on the right. About a mile from the latter, you pass the disagreeable river, or torrent of the Taro, over which there is no bridge, as there is no sufficient foundation for one, from the immense quantity of gravel, to a great depth, which has been brought down by it from the Apennines. They are at present, at the expense of Maria Louisa, trying to make a foundation for a bridge, by clearing away the gravel, but it will cost an immense sum of money, and after all, I am afraid it will not succeed, but that travellers must continue to ford the river, sometimes of course at the risk of their lives.

After crossing the Taro, you soon arrive at

Parma. It is a town of considerable size, in a flat and fertile situation. There is a large square, or market-place, and handsome streets, and edifices. The dome of the cathedral is painted by Corregio; the baptistery of an octagon form, with seven or eight stages of small marble pillars all round it, is ancient and curious. The church of la Sticcata, I believe it is called, is one of the largest, and most modern in Parma. It is hung with striped crimson satin, and gold lace, and looked to me, more like a magnificent drawing room, than a sacred edifice.

From Parma I passed through Reggio, the birth-place of Ariosto, or rather round its walls, and Modena, where there is a fine palace of the Archduke, and a very lofty steeple or tower, to Bologna. On each side of the road, as you approach Bologna, the vines grow round fruit-trees, trained as they were in Virgil's time. Just before you enter its gates, you cross another river, full of gravel, which descends from the Apennines, over which there is a bridge however.

The town is handsome, and ancient, chiefly built of brick, with piazzas, on each side of the streets. The torre Assinelli, a disagreeable-looking tower, something like a tall chimney, standing alone, without any windows, at least none that are visible from without, except I believe, at the top of it, near four hundred feet in height, overlooks the whole of the town, and is the most remarkable object in it. Close to it, is another square tower, called the torre Garisenda, but much lower than the former, which overhangs its base, as much as the tower at Pisa. These two, are ranked among the seven celebrated towers of Italy, but they certainly are the most frightful of the set.

None of the churches in Bologna, are much worthy of notice for their architecture, being, for the most part, built of brick. In that of St. Petronio, the Emperor Charles the Fifth was crowned, and there is a line of the meridian traced in brass, on the pavement of it, by Cassini.

There are fine collections of pictures in

Bologna. The first I visited, was at the Academia, or palace of the Institution. Among these, are St. John, by Raphael, a youthful figure, St. Cecilia, Guido's massacre of the Innocents, represented by a large figure, of a mother, and her child, whilst a soldier is forcing it from her, a small portrait of himself, the martyrdom of St. Agnes, St. Romuald, and other pictures by Domenichino, Guercino, and Corregio, which had been in the Louvre gallery at Paris.

In the Zampieri palace, are fine pictures by the Caraccis, Charles the Fifth by Titian, Hagar's dismissal into the desert, with her son, by Guercino, a celebrated picture of a wild boar, and other pictures of great merit.

In the Mareschalchi palace is, likewise, a long gallery, forming a suite of apartments, full of fine pictures, by the first masters, both of the Italian and Flemish schools. One of the most celebrated, is by Corregio, and represents the Almighty, surrounded by angels, in the heavens; it is a square picture, and not very large, the sky and clouds of a yellow colour. I

was offered a small print of it, in a shop at Bologna, and am sorry now, that I did not purchase it. In an adjoining saloon, the door of which was open, Signora Mareschalchi, the sister of the Marchesé, was playing, and singing very delightfully, to whom I, and the rest of the company, stopped for a short time to listen.

The church of Madonna de St. Luca, about three miles nearly, from the town, possesses a picture of the Virgin, painted as they say by St. Luke. Leading to this church and convent, situated on a hill, there is a continued piazza of stone columns, the whole of the way, in order to preserve the picture from rain, when carried in procession. Part of the way, there are houses, on one side of it, not higher than the piazza itself, but none after you begin to ascend the hill.

I visited likewise at the Certosa, about three miles from the town, a superb burying-place of the principal nobility of Bologna, in form of a large square. I observed among others, the name of Marescotti, but not that of de la Por-

rella; the former, was the name of the padre, or priest, and the latter, of the family of the fair and interesting Clementina, as described in Richardson's novel of Sir Charles Grandison. A few of the monuments are fine, the rest are nothing remarkable. There is likewise a small chapel, in which there is an ancient image of the Virgin, and a cemetery, with bones and skulls disposed in different forms.

Some of the palaces have handsome fronts, with balconies to the street; but, in general, they are built of brick, and have no grand exterior appearance. The Palazzo Publico, where the Pope's Legate resides, though an old building, is the most remarkable in the town. The hotels for travellers, are very good here. The evening I arrived at the Pellegrino, which happened to be a Sunday, I heard two or three violin players in the street, who performed pieces of music, which would be admired at the first concerts in London.

Having stayed some days at Bologna, I set out for Florence. On leaving Bologna, you

soon begin to ascend the Apennines, the soil of which is, at first, sandy, and the steeps covered with magnificent forests of chestnut trees. The weather was clear, and fine, for part of the day, but during the remainder of it, I travelled in thick mist, and rain; of course, though I was informed, that in part of this day's journey, you can sometimes see both the Adriatic, and the Tuscan seas, from the same spot, I could hardly see beyond each side of the road, which was occasionally crossed by small rills, from the mossy summits of the mountains. The Apennines here, are frequently infested by banditti, and the information I had received of this, made the day's journey still more disagreeable than it was, from the weather.

Near Pietra Mala, there is a small volcano, not a great way from the road, though I did not visit it. It rises several feet from the surface of the ground, clear and bright, like a fire of wood, and is seen at a distance. It becomes more bright in rainy weather, or when it is inclined to be stormy. It occupies a space of

four or five feet in diameter. The soil is cold, almost close to the flame, which you see coming out, from below a heap of stones, without knowing what can supply it, without cracks in the earth, or the stones, which are calcareous, being calcined by it, which shows it not to be an ardent flame. Near Pietra Mala, likewise, is a boiling fountain, although, at the same time, the water is cold.

The rain and mist continued next morning, but about ten, or eleven o'clock, the weather cleared, as I descended the mountains, which are much more precipitous, on this side, than they are on the other. I then, as I approached the vale of the Arno, saw olive trees for the first time, which resemble small stunted gray willows, growing in orchards, or enclosures, on each side of the road, and occasionally tall cypresses, before houses, and gardens. I passed a country seat, close to the road, in the Gothic style, belonging to the Grand Duke, and likewise Pratolino, one of the ancient seats of the family of the Medici. From hence, at about

six or seven miles distance, there is a very fine view of Florence, and the country round it. The road, afterwards, continues agreeable all the way, with villas, intermixed with olive and cypress trees, till you arrive at the city, the entrance to which, is by a grand triumphal arch, erected in 1739, after the Austrian family succeeded to the sovereignty of Tuscany, on the extinction of the family of Medici.

CHAPTER VIII.

Florence—The Duomo—Palazzo Vecchio—Gallery—Palazzo Pitti—Chapel of St. Lorenzo—Palaces—Corso.

THOUGH Florence did not entirely answer the expectations I had formed of it, as well from description, as from the first view of it at a distance, it is certainly a fine town, and worthy of its denomination, of Firenze la bella. The houses are in general of stone, or plastered and white-washed, as those of Milan. Many of the more ancient structures are built of a dark brown stone, with arched windows, and doorways, which gives them a heavy and castellated appearance, more like prisons than palaces, as all the large houses are styled. The streets are paved with large flat stones, joined irregularly, like the Appian way, and other ancient pavements, without any separate foot-

path for pedestrians, along which the carriages pass almost imperceptibly.

On the following day after my arrival, at the hotel de York, I received a small packet, directed for me, in form of a letter, which upon opening, I found contained a little book in a pretty gilt cover, in which was one sonetto, and another poem on the occasion, addressed to the Illustrissimo Signore, &c. on his *felice arrivo in Firenze*, for which the poet waited at the door of my apartment to be paid, and considering that he styled himself an academician, he was satisfied for his trouble, at a very moderate expense.

The Duomo, or cathedral of Santa Maria di Fiore, as it is the chief ornament of Florence, was, of course, the first place I visited there. It is entirely built of white and black marble; and though it has seen nearly four centuries, is as beautiful as if it were just finished. The dome, which was constructed by Brunelescho, an architect of the fifteenth century, is older than that of St. Peter's. The entrance to the church is without a portico, and is inferior, in

point of architecture, to the rest of the building. The dome likewise is covered with tiles, and appears still unfinished. The tower, close to the cathedral, though not attached to it, the work of Giotto, is very beautiful, and lofty, of white, black, and red marble. Both the cathedral and the tower, have the appearance of inlaid wood, more than marble. The interior of the church, under the dome, is very grand and impressive, though rather dark; upon the whole, however, it is plain, and without ornament, except a few monuments on its walls.

The Baptistry, near it, is not inferior in point of beauty, to the cathedral itself. The gates of bronze, in mezzo relievo, by Ghiberti, an artist of the fifteenth century, representing different subjects from scripture, are celebrated for their design, and fine execution.

The Palazzo Vecchio, where the public offices are now kept, and which was formerly the palace of the Grand Dukes, is a lofty Gothic building, of the fourteenth century, with a very high tower, the bell of which is louder

than any in the city, and may be heard, at a great distance all over the town, and its environs. It is situated in the Piazza di Gran Duca, the principal square in Florence, where are likewise a loggia, or exchange, adorned with statues by Cellini, and John de Bologna, and a fountain, with a gigantic statue of the Ocean in the centre of it.

The gallery of Florence is in the upper story, of a superb edifice, in the form of a street, near the Palazzo Vecchio, one end of which has an open portico to the river. A corridor, with apartments off it, goes quite round the building. In an octagon apartment, called the Tribune, which is inlayed with mother of pearl, is placed the Venus de Medicis, the Whetter, the Wrestlers, the young Apollo, and the dancing Faun. There are likewise two Venuses by Titian, the portrait of Pope Julius the Second, by Raphael, la Fornarina, his mistress, by the same, and a Holy Family by Michael Angelo, who is not a pleasing painter in oil however, and is said to have despised

it, compared with fresco painting, in which he excelled.

Different apartments, off the grand gallery, contain collections of the different schools of painting, Tuscan, Venetian, Flemish, French, &c. Niobe, and her family, are in a superb saloon, in another part of the gallery. There are likewise apartments, or cabinets, containing collections of Egyptian antiquities, Etruscan vases, and bronzes, and a superb collection of engraved stones, and gems, by Benvenuto Cellini, and others. In the cabinet of the portraits of distinguished painters, is the celebrated Medicean vase, the sculpture on which represents the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

In the great gallery, or corridor, is a vast collection of statues, and busts, ranged along the walls, most of which were familiar to me, from engravings of them. Among the busts, I remarked that of Nero, when a child, a handsome countenance, and something resembling the busts of him, when emperor, not much expressive of his wicked character. There is,

likewise, a series of paintings, from the commencement of the art, and a great many portraits of royal personages, and distinguished characters, but none of superior excellence. The artists employ themselves in copying pictures, in designing from statues, or in taking models in clay, from basso relievos; but the liberty of doing this, I believe, is confined to the Florentines themselves, as I saw none of my own countrymen so employed.

In proceeding to the Palazzo Pitti, I crossed the Arno, on the Ponte degli Orefici, with small jewellers' shops, on each side of it, much in the same state, I suppose, that it was two or three centuries ago; the celebrated Ponte della Trinita, of three elliptical arches, and built of marble, is near it, but lower down the river. There are two other bridges, one above, and the other below these.

The Palazzo Pitti, the residence of the Grand Duke, was originally built, that is to say, the centre part, towards the gardens, by a merchant of Florence of that name, cotem-

porary with the family of Medici. After that, it became, by purchase, the property of the Grand Dukes, and was greatly enlarged by them. It is a vast heavy-looking building, of greater extent, in appearance, than the Palace of the Thuilleries, built of a dark brown stone, with arched windows. There are no broad streets, which lead to it, but a wide open space in front of it.

In the apartments of the Palace are very fine pictures. Among these are la Madonna de la Seggiola, the Virgin on the throne, and the portrait of Leo the Tenth, by Raphael; the three Destinies by Michael Angelo; Luther playing on the spinnet; a battle-piece by Salvator Rosa; Charles the First, and Maria Henrietta in the same picture; and a vast many others of the first excellence. The tables of inlaid marble, representing shells, fruit, flowers, &c. are the most beautiful I have seen. In a circular room, at the extremity of one of the wings of the Palace, is placed the celebrated Venus of Canova, which is the last apartment,

to which you are conducted. The gardens behind the Palace, which are called the Boboli gardens, are on a declivity, and very beautiful, with avenues of tall cypresses, statues, ponds, and parterres.

Not far from thence, just without the Porta Romana, or gate leading to Rome, is a fine avenue of evergreen oaks, and other trees, which leads up a steep ascent, to the Villa Imperiale, another house of the Grand Dukes, from whence there is a fine view of the vale of the Arno, and the country around.

Though there are numerous palaces of the nobility in Florence, there are few of them very splendid. One of the most distinguished, is that of the Marchese Ricardi, the ancient palace of the Medici. The walls of the great gallery are painted in fresco, on allegorical subjects, by Luca Giordano; and a library adjoins it, which is open to the public. The Casa Buonarotti, as having been the house of Michael Angelo, and built by him, is on that account worthy of a visit. In the Corsini

palace, is a fine collection of pictures; among others, that of Poesy, by Carlo Dolce, in a blue gown, spotted with stars, and a wreath of laurel in her hair.

The chapel of St. Lorenzo, or Capella de Depositi, so celebrated for the immense sums that were lavished upon it, is very magnificent. It is splendid, however, without taste. Its form is an octagon, nearly two hundred feet in height, with pilasters of jasper, capitals of bronze, and entablatures of giallo antico, and other marbles. The roof was intended to have been of lapis lazuli, but is still unfinished. The tombs of the Medici family in niches round it, are of jasper, and Egyptian granite; and the armorial bearings, and crowns, which they support, are composed of different sorts of precious stones. Cosmo de Medici, the first, and greatest of his family, is interred in the adjoining church of St. Lorenzo. Pater patriæ, alone marks his grave. The Laurentian library, in the convent near it, contains a great collection of valuable books, and manuscripts, among

which, are the Pandects of Justinian, said to have been found at Amalfi, in the Neapolitan dominions, and still in great preservation.

As Florence is surrounded by high walls, there is no agreeable drive, or promenade, within them; but without the gates, there is a very fine one, near the Arno, in which there is a cassino, belonging to the Arch Duke. In the wood by the side of it, are two or three of the most gigantic fir trees I ever remember to have seen. I heard it was intended to cut them down, however, on account of the danger of their branches, or cones falling from such a height. The leaves of the mulberry trees, which abound at Florence, are all unmercifully stripped off, for the silk-worms, which spoils the beauty of the alleys, and hedge-rows, long before the cold would produce that effect.

Another excursion near Florence, is to Fiesoli, situated on a hill, about two or three miles to the east of the city. It was formerly the capital of this part of Tuscany, and there are still the remains of ancient cyclopian walls,

and an amphitheatre, to be seen there. Near Fiesoli, likewise, is la Doccia, the chateau, and porcelain manufactory of the Marchese Genori.

The opera at Florence did not, by any means, answer my expectation of it, neither do I think it, in any respect, worthy of the city. The Florentines are no great musicians, at least as to instrumental music, as far as I could judge. Wanting to hire a piano-forte whilst I was there, I could not get any small square ones, only grand piano-fortes made at Trieste, the tone of which I did not much like. You frequently hear very good singing from passengers in the streets of an evening.

The son of the Archduke was married, when I was there, to the Princess of Saxony. She arrived with several splendid carriages in her train, and was married, on the following day, at the church of Santa Maria Novella. On this occasion there were many balls, and fêtes of different sorts; but on account of the news of the much-lamented death of the Princess of Saxe Cobourg, none of the English in Florence were present at them.

The climate of Florence, where I stayed till January, is very mild. Carnations, and other flowers, are in blow till Christmas. There was frost for a few days, and snow on the Appenines to the eastward, and that was all of winter that I experienced. The showers of rain, however, are very heavy, and the water runs like cascades, from the tops of the houses, accompanied by thunder-storms.

CHAPTER IX.

Sienna—Radicofani—Bolsena—Viterbo—Rome.

In the second week of January, after about three months' residence at Florence, I set out for Rome. From thence to Sienna the road is hilly; but at the same time agreeable almost the whole of the way. The distance is twenty long miles. About six miles from Florence the scenery is picturesque, with a romantic stream in a woody dell below, and long heath, three or four feet in height, growing by the side of the road.

The town is placed on an elevated situation, but not on a level one; the streets are, consequently, irregular. The cathedral is on the highest part of the town; it is built of black and white marble, and is very beautiful. In the interior there are two rows of fine busts of popes and emperors, as a cornice, over the pillars, in

the nave of the church, from one end of it to the other: it is painted with arabesque ornaments of scarlet, and ultramarine, and stars of gold. In the sacristy of the church are ten very fine fresco paintings on the walls, by Penturrichio, from designs by Raphael, two of them said to be by his own hand; and in the centre of the room a beautiful small group of the three Graces, a fine work of antiquity, which was found under the pavement of the church. There are likewise twenty-nine large folio volumes of the church service, on vellum, finely illuminated by a Benedictine monk. The castle, or house of government, is a large ancient Gothic edifice, in a hollow, in the centre of the town. The hills about Sienna consist a good deal of dry cracked earth, and the cathedral, and part of the town, was at one time considerably injured by an earthquake.

From hence to Radicofani, situated on the summit of a mountain, two thousand five hundred feet in height, the road is for the most part hilly and bleak, and becomes more and

more so as you approach it: there are plantations of olive trees, however, here and there, near the few towns and villages which you pass through. In small brooks, or rills, which cross the road near Radicofani, are found different sorts of coloured pebbles, used in mosaic work. The baths of San Filippo, where medallions and casts of various descriptions are made of a petrifying stone, are likewise near it.

The inn at Radicofani, which was built by one of the Grand Dukes, for his own accommodation, is very large, and looks down on the other side to a hill still steeper than that by which you have ascended to it. There is a small town higher up than the inn, with an old castle in ruins, the situation of which has formerly, in remote times, been a volcano, and is seen fifty miles off, in both directions, towards Florence and towards Rome.

When you arrive at the bottom of this steep mountain, on the other side, by a broad circuitous road, you pass a torrent, or river full of gravel, over which there is no bridge, and arrive

in two or three hours at Aqua-pendente, where there are fine cascades of water, as the name implies; but I did not visit them, as I only stopped a short time, while my passport was examined. There are rocks intermixed with evergreen oaks, overshadowing the road, before you enter the town. Some leagues from thence is St. Lorenzo, a village on an elevated situation, above the lake of Bolsena. The old town of St. Lorenzo, like a castle in ruins, is passed in descending down to the lake; deserted in former times, because subject to malaria, like many other places in Italy.

The lake of Bolsena is as broad as it is long, eight or ten miles each way, with islands in it, and the lofty town, and castle of Montefiascone, placed on a hill, at its south-eastern extremity. You travel for some way along the side of the lake, and pass the small town of Bolsena, celebrated for a miracle, by which a priest, who doubted the truth of transubstantiation, was confirmed in his belief of it, whilst administering the sacrament, by the appearance of real

blood. It is in a warm and sheltered situation, and the white wine of Orvietto, so much drank at Rome, is made in its neighbourhood. There are some curious basaltic columns here, close to the road, but much smaller than those I have seen elsewhere, and in appearance not thicker than leaden water-pipes, clustered together. They are taken notice of by Kircher in his travels. You ascend from thence, through a thick wood, noted for robberies, interspersed with broom, almost as high as young forest trees, and white goats feeding by the side of the way, to Montefiascone.

The inn there is not in the town itself, but you pass the gate of it, about a hundred yards farther on, in the way to Viterbo. At supper, in the only saloon there was, amongst other travellers who happened to be there, a young gentleman of my own country, mentioned that he had travelled from Constantinople to Vienna, a journey of twelve days, without having ever been in bed, owing to the bad accommodations on the road. None of the company present, I dare

say, had ever any intentions of taking that excursion, but certainly, if they had, this would have been sufficient to deter them.

On the following morning, I breakfasted at Viterbo, a considerable-sized town, and visited a church of Franciscans there, where I saw a fine picture of a dead Christ, by Sebastian del Piombo, over one of the altars. I likewise visited the shrine of Santa Rosa, and on ringing a bell, I saw the body of the saint, entire, as they pretend, lying extended, as in bed. The face, from what I could see of it, in profile, by the light of the tapers, rather heavy looking, and of a dark brown colour, but at the same time, just such a one, from its hard and bony formation, as is calculated to give some probability to the assertion of its preservation. The nun who showed it me, but without being seen herself, gave me a trifling present, as a remembrance, when I went away. A tall elderly woman, who acted as waiter at Montefiascone, never failed to exclaim, corpo di Santa Rosa, whenever she was offended, or hurried, or when

an English woman would say, hey day! or what the devil!

After ascending the hill, on which part of Viterbo is situated, you pass Monte Cimenos, an ancient volcano to the left, and some miles farther, the romantic Lago de Vico, to the right. From thence to Ronciglione, a miserable looking town, built of tuff stone, but in a pretty romantic situation; the ground is, in some places, sulphureous and unhealthy. Between Ronciglione and Monterosi, there is a fine view of Mount Soracte, consecrated by the ancients to Phœbus, standing detached from any other, towards the south-east.

Beyond Baccano, about two stages from Rome, you can see, for the first time, the dome of St. Peter's, over an elevated ground to the north-west of it. In approaching within a few miles of the city, I was shocked by the sight of the limbs of highwaymen, and perhaps murderers, cut off, and nailed to crosses, on the side of the road. Nearer Rome, on the right, is a tomb, or sarcophagus, close to the road, called the

tomb of Nero, but it is a matter of uncertainty whether it is or not.

You then come to the Ponte Molle, or Ponte Emiliana, and cross the deep and muddy Tiber. Near the road, which was formerly the Flaminian way, are the fields of Cincinnatus, which he was ploughing when called to the Consulship. From the Ponte Molle, to the Porto del Populo, the northern gate of Rome, the distance is about a mile, of pleasant enough suburbs. The gate by which you enter Rome, though the architecture of Michael Angelo, is nothing remarkable in any respect. From the square, before the Porto del Populo, you enter the Corso, the principal street of Rome, and then passing through the Piazza Colonna, with the column of Antonine in the centre, you proceed to the Dogana, or custom-house, formerly the temple of Antoninus Pius, from whence you go to the Piazza di Spagna, in which, or the streets adjoining, all strangers whatever, or at least all from England, reside.

CHAPTER X.

Rome—The Pantheon—St. Peter's—The Vatican.

On the next day after my arrival, uncertain which I should visit first, the Pantheon, or St. Peter's, my respect for antiquity conducted me to the former. It is placed in rather a low situation, nearly in the centre of modern Rome, and was built by Marcus Agrippa, son-in-law of Octavius Augustus, in his third Consulship, twenty-six years before the Christian era. The walls are of brick, nineteen feet in thickness. The form is circular, without windows, and without pillars, to support the roof, from a large aperture in which it alone receives the light. It is a hundred and thirty-two feet in diameter, and a hundred and forty in height. The portico, which, it is supposed, was built some time

after the temple itself, is a hundred and three feet long, and sixty-one feet broad, supported by sixteen lofty pillars of granite, each of one stone. It was formerly covered with gilt bronze, but this was taken off, and part of it now forms the grand altar of St. Peter's.

The effect of the interior is simple and grand, owing to the light descending upon it. There are six chapels in recesses round it, with fluted columns of giallo antico, and violet marble. The pavement of Agrippa still remains, and consists of porphyry and other marbles, disposed in large circles and other forms. It is now almost in its original state, the Church of St. Mary and the Saints.

From thence I proceeded to St. Peter's, and crossed the Tiber, at the Ponte St. Angelo, in front of the citadel, so called, formerly the tomb of Adrian. In approaching St. Peter's, it does not appear so large as it really is. When you arrive at the magnificent circular colonnade, with the obelisk, and the two fine fountains which adorn the centre of it, it has more

the appearance of a grand palace than a church. The numerous carriages of the cardinals and others, arriving and departing from it, on festival days, favour this idea still more.

The front, which is more modern than the rest of the building, is three hundred and seventy feet long, and one hundred and forty-nine feet high, with the colossal statues of our Saviour, and the twelve apostles, placed on the balustrade at top, over all which appears the large dome and two smaller ones. The columns, or rather half columns, in the front of the church, are eighty-eight feet high, including the bases and capitals, and eight feet three inches in diameter, notwithstanding which, at a little distance, they only appear of a very moderate size, such are the grand proportions of the building.

On entering the church, you are forcibly struck by its beauty and grandeur. In front, under the cupola, is placed the principal altar and shrine of St. Peter, supported by spiral co-

lumns of gilt bronze, round which are innumerable lamps of silver gilt, enclosed by a magnificent railing, where the pious of every rank and description kneel and offer up their vows. It is eighty-six feet in height, as high as the Palazzo Farnese, which, though in a low situation itself, is the highest palace in Rome.

The four walls, or piers, that support the cupola, which is all of solid architecture, not partly of wood, as that of St. Paul's is, are a hundred and sixty-six feet high, and the dome itself, a hundred and thirty feet in diameter, is a hundred and fifty-five feet above them. The roof is ornamented with mosaics of our Saviour, and the saints, in compartiments. The arches and door-ways of the chapels and side aisles, &c. are chiefly of a red-coloured marble, relieved by medallions, and other ornaments of white. It is adorned likewise by copies in mosaics, of some of the most celebrated pictures of the first artists; the Transfiguration of Raphael, the St. Jerome of Domenichino, the

Angel Raphael by Guido, the Exhumation, or Disinterment of St. Petronella, by Guercino, St. Peter raising up Tabitha, and others.

Beautiful as the interior of the church is, on looking from the altar to the east end, by which you enter it, and which, in Gothic churches, from the large window of painted glass, generally placed there, is frequently the grandest part of the church; I must confess the inferiority of the Grecian architecture, compared with the Gothic, in this part of the edifice.

The sacristy, erected by the late Pope Pius the Sixth, is a very grand edifice, and must have cost an immense deal of money; the large presses around it, containing the church plate, &c. are entirely composed of Brazil wood.

In walking round the church, which does not stand on an elevated spot like St. Paul's, neither is there a proper drive all round it, it resembles a great gigantic castle, or palace, with vast Doric pilasters, and three large bows at the sides and eastern extremity. It is built of a sort of coarse brownish marble, called travertino. There is a

passage, I believe in many parts of it, in the thickness of the walls; so that they may be considered in a manner as double. It certainly is destined to last as long as the works of antiquity. In my opinion the exterior of St. Paul's, taken altogether, is finer than that of St. Peter's, though I certainly must give the preference to the dome of the latter.

After having seen this, undoubtedly the finest church in the world, I ascended a grand staircase to the left, as you came out of it, past the equestrian statue of Constantine, which leads to the Sestini chapel, where is the grand picture of the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo. The roof of the chapel was likewise painted by him. From the great number of figures, the darkness of the colouring, and the want of sufficient light in the chapel itself, you cannot look at it and admire it with as much precision as you would wish to do; but it is certainly a wonderful production of scientific art. From the Sestini chapel I passed through some halls and apartments into the loggia of Raphael.

What is called the loggia of Raphael is a gallery on three sides of a large court, open till of late years to the weather, painted in arabesques, with subjects from sacred history, in small compartments on the roof. Two or three of these in the first gallery, in the middle story, are by Raphael's own hand; the rest all, however, distinguished for fine composition, are by others, after his designs. At the end opposite to that at which you enter the gallery, is the massive-looking door, in imitation of bronze, of the Vatican Museum. Before you enter it, a door to the left introduces you into a suite of gloomy apartments, called the Borgia apartments, having been built by Pope Alexander, of the family of Borgia. Here, placed on the floor, and leaning against the walls, are to be seen the most celebrated pictures in Rome, almost all of which have been removed from the altars of churches: the Transfiguration, by Raphael, which I confess I do not think merits so much admiration as it has met with; the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino,

which is a much finer picture, indeed I believe the finest in Rome; the Crucifixion of St. Peter, by Guido; the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, by Titian; the Virgin de Foligni, by Raphael; the Assumption of the Virgin, by Raphael, in his first style of painting, in which he resembles his master Pietro Perugino: what struck me as singular in this piece, was, that some of the angels are playing on violins. Several of the pictures, however finely painted and scientific they may be, must be always disagreeable from their representing martyrdoms and crucifixions, and the more natural that these are, they are only the more shocking.

On leaving these apartments by the same way I came in, I entered by the door adjoining into the long corridor of inscriptions, the first in the Museum of the Vatican. On one side of it are ancient Christian inscriptions, found in the catacombs near Rome, and elsewhere; on the other are the sepulchral and military inscriptions of the Romans. A door of iron about the centre of the gallery conducts you into the library. It

consists of a very large room, painted in scarlet, blue, and gold, with arabesque ornaments, and another long gallery of four hundred feet in length, full of books and manuscripts, none of which are visible, however, as they are all locked up in presses. Among other rare manuscripts, are ancient ones, written on papyrus; a copy of Virgil, of the fifth century, in large Roman characters; one of Terence, of the sixth century, in the same character; a Greek Bible of the sixth century. Among the books are a great number of editions of the fifteenth century. There is likewise a superb collection of Etruscan vases, the colours of all of which are black and orange, that is to say, figures of an orange or red colour on a dark ground, collected by the present Pope.

On leaving the library, and returning into the gallery again, I went forward, and entered by an iron gate into the Museum Chiaramonti, the first of this long suite of galleries, cabinets, and saloons. The statues, and other sculptures in this part of the gallery, have been col-

lected and placed here by the present Pope, and equally show his taste and munificence. Among these are Commodus, Lucius Verus, the Piping Faun, busts of Roman ladies, &c. From this, all in the same line, you enter into the Museum Pio Clementino, and proceed in admiration round the immense quadrangle of the Vatican.

To describe or even enumerate the many celebrated statues, busts, and basso relievos, that present themselves in succession to our view, the greatest part of which are already familiar to the spectator, from models and engravings of them, would be both tedious and unnecessary,—the statue of Meleager, the tomb of the Scipios, and the celebrated Torso, were among the first, to which my attention was directed, in the halls at the extremity of this side of the gallery. From the windows of this part of the Vatican, I would remark, you have one of the most pleasing and picturesque views of Rome that is to be met with; having the mountains above Tivoli to the east, and the

Apennines beyond them, covered with snow, in the back ground.

From the hall of Meleager, you pass into an octagon court, with a portico, and four small halls, or cabinets, as they are called, containing the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, the Antinous, and the Perseus of Canova, besides fine basso relievos, and vases in the four open sides of the court which connect them.

From this octagon building you enter into a hall which contains a fine collection of animals in various sorts of marbles, on tablets and consoles, as likewise groups, in which animals are introduced. They are very beautiful, but I confess they reminded me, at the same time, something of a china shop. There are, among others, a stag in veined alabaster, a lion in breccia; two greyhounds playing together; a tiger and panther in their natural colours; a crocodile in black marble; Hercules, who has killed Geryon, and carries away his cattle; Commodus on horseback, &c. The smaller pieces are placed on shelves round the room,

In another hall is the fine recumbent statue of Cleopatra, or Ariadne deserted, (it goes under both denominations,) which has been often copied and modelled; and at the other end of the hall, Jupiter on his throne, with very fine statues of athletæ, and others, ranged along the walls; as likewise busts, among which is that of Domitian, which is rare, of Caracalla, Galba, Marcus Agrippa, and others.

In a small cabinet, very finely ornamented with marble and gilding, made by the direction of Pius the Sixth, are a Faun in rosso antico, (a species of marble, resembling dark red coral, with a very fine polish,) a fine statue of Minerva, a female dancer on a cippus, or ancient pedestal, a Paris, a Diana, and other very valuable statues, friezes, and basso relievos. On the pavement of the chamber is a beautiful and curious mosaic, found at the Villa Adriana, near Tivoli. A wreath of different fruits and leaves, entwined with those of the willow, forms a border all round it, and on a white mosaic in the centre are four square pictures, in lively

colours, three of which represent masks, disposed in different ways; in one of them they are stuck upon a wall, and appear to deter a griffin, in the foreground of the picture, from seizing a hat, or a basket, which is lying on the ground; the last is a landscape, with a shepherd and goats. You then return through the hall, which contains the collection of animals, and passing through an anteroom, in which, among other fine marbles, is a basso relievo of a dance of Corybantes, or priests of Cybele, fixed in the wall, you enter the chamber of the Muses, found at the Villa Adriana in 1774, which are placed round the wall, alternately, with the busts of sages, and illustrious men of Greece. What attracted my attention here, almost as much as the works of antiquity did, was a little Monsignore, attended by two or three servants in livery, who followed close behind him, whilst he regarded the statues in a pair of green spectacles, which, grotesque-looking as they always are, appeared still more so, somehow, in the Museum of the Vatican,

From thence you pass into a large circular hall, supported by ten columns of white marble, and lighted from the roof, which contains statues and colossal busts. There is a very fine mosaic pavement in the centre of it, the colours blue and white, which was found at Otricoli, and a basin of porphyry, twenty feet in diameter.

From this hall you pass into another, in form of a Greek cross, the entrance into which is very grand, with two colossal Egyptian statues of red granite, found at the Villa Adriana, representing Antinous in that form, on each side. In this hall are two grand sepulchral urns of porphyry, of a square form, with very fine basso relievos upon them. One represents children employed in the vintage; the other a battle, with prisoners. The former served for the tomb of St. Constance, and the latter for that of the Empress St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great.

On leaving this hall, you ascend a magnificent double staircase of white marble, to a grand

landing-place, and proceed to visit the small circular hall of the Biga, adorned with fluted columns of white marble; in the centre of which is placed a beautiful antique chariot, from whence it derives its name, as entire and fresh looking as if just from the hand of the sculptor; there are likewise statues of Perseus, Apollo, Alcibiades, &c. between the columns round the walls.

On quitting this hall, or cabinet, which is somewhat detached, and out of the line of the others, you enter into a long gallery with Egyptian statues, vases, columns, cups, and other ancient marbles, placed along the sides of it, called the gallery of Candelabras. This, and another gallery which follows, leads you quite to the other end of the building, to the chambers, on the walls of which are the celebrated frescos of Raphael. They are four in number, and the paintings still in good preservation. The Parnassus, the Dispute on the Sacrament, the Liberation of St. Peter from prison by the angel, the School of Athens, the

Heliodorus, the Victory over the Saracens at Ostia, by Leo IV., the Coronation of Charlemagne, and all those in the three first chambers, are by Raphael himself; the Vision of the Cross in the air to Constantine, which was the cause of his conversion to the Christian faith, and his victory over Maxentius, at the Ponte Molle, certainly the finest battle-piece that ever was painted, which are in the fourth chamber, are by Julio Romano. After having thus made the entire circuit of the vast quadrangle of the Vatican Museum, which, however, is a great deal too much to see all at once, you again come out into the loggia of Raphael. In the garden contained in the space, enclosed by the building, is to be seen the immense cone, or pine apple of gilt bronze, which was placed on the summit of the tomb of Adrian.

CHAPTER XI.

Column of Trajan—Forum Romanum—Coliseum—Arch of Constantine—Baths of Titus.

My next visit was to the Forum Romanum and the Coliseum, on the south side of the city, and at the other end of the Corso, in which quarter almost all the ancient buildings are situated.

In going thither you pass the column of Trajan, placed in what was formerly the Forum of Trajan, and sunk ten or twelve feet below the square that surrounds it. It is finer than the column of Antonine. The victories of the Romans over the Dacians, under Trajan, are commemorated in spiral basso relievos round it, from top to bottom. The urn containing the ashes of Trajan, of gilt bronze, which was placed on the top of the column, was taken down by Sextus the Fifth, and the statue of St. Peter

placed in its stead. You then, after passing through some narrow streets, arrive in the Forum Romanum, now commonly called the Campo Vaccino, at the foot of the Capitoline hill. In this spot are the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, the Temple of Concord, the Temples of Jupiter Tonans, and Jupiter Stator, of Antonine and Faustina, and of Remus.

The triumphal arch of Septimus Severus is close under the Capitol, at the foot of the long flight of steps, which, on the south side, descends from it. It is sunk about ten feet below the present surface of the soil. The inscription at top, and the basso relievos upon it, are still pretty entire; but the design and architecture of it is more to be admired than the sculptures. As I was leaning upon the parapet of the area that surrounds it, earnestly employed in contemplating it, my attention was suddenly distracted, by hearing one of a party of six English women, in a barouche, addressing her companions, and saying much in the same tone she would have done in London, " Well, ladies,

where shall we go next?" In so celebrated a spot, and at such a distance from home, the familiarity of the words, I confess, amused me, and I could not help imagining to myself the mutual astonishment of the parties, if an ancient Roman senator had suddenly risen from the shades below and made his appearance amongst us.

At a little distance from it, near about the spot where Curtius is said to have precipitated himself into the gulf, there is a single column, which was supposed, till lately, to have belonged to an ancient temple, but upon excavating the ground round it, which was done by permission of the Pope, at the expense of the Duchess of Devonshire, it was found to be a pillar erected to the memory of Phocas, one of the emperors, in the sixth century. It is placed on a sort of pyramid of steps, which proves it to have been always a completely insulated one.

The portico of the Temple of Concord, three columns of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus Cæsar, and the same num-

ber of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, with part of their entablatures, are all that remain of them. The Temple of Antonine and Faustina is more entire; it has a portico of six columns of cipolline marble, forty feet in height, each of one piece, but they are a good deal injured by time. Near this is the circular temple of Remus, now the church of St. Cosmo and St. Damien, without a portico, but with two columns of porphyry, one on each side of its ancient arched door-way. Beyond these are the three great arches, called the Temple of Peace, the remains of the Christian church of Constantine.

The temples of the Romans were certainly much smaller than the Christian churches were, even from the first. Constantine likewise erected the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, which is at present the finest of the mosques in that city. The stucco of the roofs of the arches, ornamented with sunk pannels, like that of the Pantheon, is still entire, and very large pieces of sculpture are lying about upon the ground.

One of the marble columns of the interior of the temple, the only one which was unbroken, has been removed, and put up in front of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

Near the Temple of Peace is the arch erected by the senate and people of Rome, in honour of Titus, the son of Vespasian, then occupied in the conquest of Jerusalem. The architecture and sculpture of it are fine, and in a simple but pure taste. By a road to the right of this arch you ascend the Palatine Mount, where are the vaults, arches, and shapeless masses of brick, all that now remains of the palace of the Cæsars. In front is the Coliseum, by far the grandest of all the ancient edifices in Rome, and near it the triumphal arch of Constantine.

The exterior or outer wall of this vast amphitheatre, erected by Vespasian, consists entirely of large blocks of travertino, the same stone or marble of which St. Peter's is built. The figure of the edifice is elliptic, 1641 feet in circumference, and 157 feet high. It consists of

three rows of arches, eighty in each, with half columns of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, with their proper entablatures; and a wall above them, considerably higher than these are, with forty square windows and Corinthian pilasters. It was destined for public exhibitions of gladiators and the combats of wild beasts; and it was likewise used as a place of martyrdom of the primitive Christians, in the time of Dioclesian. Round it, on this account, in the arena, are now placed six small chapels in the form of alcoves. There are prisoners kept there at work during the day under a guard. Wall-flowers, and other plants, grow in profusion on the ruins of the interior of the amphitheatre, even in the middle of winter.

The triumphal arch of Constantine, though less decayed than that of Septimus Severus, is reckoned inferior to it, in design, as well as in the sculptures upon it. Some of the relievos, however, representing hunting-matches, &c. are in a good style, having been taken from an arch

of Trajan, which once stood in the Forum of that Emperor.

To the eastward of the Forum Romanum, in what was once the Forum of Nerva, are the remains of the Temple of Nerva, consisting of three fluted columns of Parian marble, of the Corinthian order, fifty feet in height, and sixteen in circumference, with the foliage of the capitals, and the entablature entire; more resembling what I should suppose a Grecian edifice, than any in Rome. The Temple of Pallas, built by Domitian, and remarkable for a figure of Minerva, and the basso relievos on its frieze, illustrative of the arts, of which that goddess was the patroness, is likewise near it. The two pillars in front, which support the entablature, are half of them under ground, otherwise they are far too thick in proportion to their height.

Near the Coliseum, to the east, on a somewhat elevated situation, is the Thermæ, or baths of Titus. It hardly appears above the surface,

and has been cleared, only within these few years, by the French. It consists of lofty passages, baths, and halls, ornamented with beautiful arabesque paintings, the greatest part of which, however, is shown by the light of a taper, fixed to the end of a long stick, or pole, consequently is seen rather indistinctly. The colours with which they have been painted, were all metallic, otherwise it is impossible they could have been preserved for such a length of time. It is said that Raphael, which is probably the case, copied the style of his arabesques, in the loggia of the Vatican, from those in the Thermæ of Titus, and that they were afterwards filled up at his request. In a small hall, part of the building, in the year 1506, in the reign of Pope Julius the Second, was found the Laocoon, and you see the niche, or arch, in which it was placed. The guide showed me a collection of fragments of paintings, and likewise some vases, which were found in digging out the ruins; among these were amphoræ,

about three feet in height, for holding wine in, not made to stand upright, but with a point for sticking into the earth. Part of these subterraneous buildings, of which there are thirty chambers cleared, was the house of Mæcenas, the friend of Horace, and patron of literature.

CHAPTER XII.

St. John de Lateran—St. Maria de Maggiore—Thermæ of Dioclesian—Quirinal Palace—Fountain of Trevi.

At the distance of about half a mile from the Coliseum, is the church of St. John de Lateran. It is situated near the gate of St. John, on the way to Naples. The street which leads to it is long and broad; but notwithstanding that it is one of the principal avenues of the city, it is thinly inhabited, and has a deserted appearance, owing, as it is said, to malaria. The obelisk in the middle of the square, or open space rather, on the north side of the church, is the largest in Rome, and probably the most ancient in the world. It was originally transported from Thebes to Alexandria, by Constantine the Great, in order that it might be conveyed to Constantinople; but his death having prevented this, Constance, his son, had it brought from Alex-

andria to Rome, and put it up in the Circus Maximus, which having been ruined by time, the obelisk remained buried sixteen feet under ground. Sextus the Fifth made it be taken up, and finding it broken in three places, had it placed in its present situation, and united again, under the direction of the Chevalier Fontana. It is of red granite, and covered with hieroglyphics. Its height is ninety-nine feet without the base and capital. It is three thousand years since it was first erected at Thebes, and dedicated to the sun.

The church, which is the metropolitan one of Rome, is partly modern, and partly very ancient. The portico, or entrance to it, which fronts the east, is modern, and is adorned with very fine columns of white marble, which support an entablature, and balustrade, on which are placed colossal statues of our Saviour, and ten of the saints; these are seen from a distance, in all this quarter of Rome, and mark the church of St. John, as much as a steeple or cupola would do. The interior of the church is of the

Corinthian order, and almost entirely of white marble, with niches containing statues of the twelve apostles on each side, adorned with small pillars of verde antico. The Corsini chapel is on the left as you enter the church, and is one of the most superb in Rome. The west end, where the altar is, is part of the old church, and still preserves its ancient appearance. It has fresco paintings on the cross aisles. Behind the altar are tombs and monuments, some of them of the thirteenth century. There are, likewise, very ancient mosaics in this part of the church.

The Baptistery, on the north side of the church, in which it is said that Constantine was baptized, is of an octagon shape, and supported by pillars of porphyry, with a font of green basalt in the centre of it.

The ancient palace of the Popes, where they had resided for so many centuries, having, together with part of the church, been destroyed by fire, the present structure, which adjoins the church, was erected by Sextus the Fifth, in the sixteenth century. It is a large magnificent

building, but now completely deserted. Opposite to it is the chapel, once a part of the ancient fabric, which contains the Santa Scala, or marble steps which belonged to the house of Pilate, at Jerusalem. They were worn by the number of devout persons who ascended them on their knees, and are now covered with wood: they lead to an altar where is a very ancient image of our Saviour.

From St. John de Lateran, I returned by a road which leads in a direct line to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, placed on the Esquiline Mount, on the spot where formerly stood the temple of Juno Lucina. It is a grand and modern building, but not very large. The interior of the church is very fine. It consists of three naves, separated by thirty-six superb Ionic columns of white marble. The roof is flat, of stucco, richly gilded. The chapel of Pius the Fifth is the most magnificent in Rome; it is of the Corinthian order of architecture, lined with precious marbles, and ornamented with painting and gilding; the picture of the Virgin,

attributed to St. Luke, is framed in lapis lazuli. Before the south front is a grand fluted column of cipolino marble, the only one which remained entire of the church of Constantine, fifty-eight feet high, and nineteen feet three inches in circumference, on the top of which is a statue of the Virgin. Before the north end of the church is an ancient Egyptian obelisk of red granite, found near the Mausoleum of Augustus.

Were the churches of St. John and Santa Maria Maggiore situated in fine squares or streets, they would have a much grander effect than they have, surrounded as they are by open, unpaved spaces; and the engraved views of these churches, though correct in reality, do not give you an exact idea of them, as, without having seen them, you suppose them, like other great churches, surrounded by houses, and in a populous part of the town; the beautifully-polished columns of the portico of St. John are generally covered with dust, on that account, and from the road to Naples passing near it.

From Santa Maria Maggiore, another street,

or road, in a direct line, leads to the Quirinal Mount, where is the palace of the Pope. It is a grand and spacious building, and the street, which is partly formed by one side of it, the finest in Rome. In front of the gateway, on Monte Cavallo, are the two celebrated horses, guided by colossal figures, seventeen feet high, of Grecian sculpture, the one by Phidias, and the other by Praxiteles, representing, as it is supposed, Castor and Pollux. The palace consists of two large courts. The apartments are splendid and cheerful. In the chapel, over the altar, is a picture of the Annunciation by Guido, which is reckoned one of the finest of his works. The gardens are extensive and agreeable; as they are situated upon a declivity, they are raised towards the north and east by very lofty walls and terraces. There are some of the Pope's servants, and among these the porters at the gates, who cannot fail attracting the notice of a stranger, as their costume resembles exactly one of the knaves in a pack of cards; red, yellow, and blue, mixed, or rather

patched together, with ruffs of coarse lace, and leather caps; in short, figures more fit for a pantomime than attending on his Holiness.

Not far from the Quirinal palace, in going towards the Porta Pia, by turning to the right, you come to a large open space, or square, where is situated that vast building, the Thermæ of Dioclesian, part of which, the pinacotheca, or principal hall of the baths, being still very entire, was converted by Pius the Fourth, under the direction of Michael Angelo, into a church, in form of a Greek cross, and it is now the church of Santa Maria de Angelis. You enter it by a round vestibule, which was one of the halls of the baths, and in which are the tombs of Salvator Rosa, Carlo Maratti, and others. It is three hundred and thirty-six feet long, from the door to the altar, and the cross nave is three hundred and eight feet in length. There are eight columns of granite in the centre, all of one piece, sixteen feet in circumference, and forty-three feet in height, besides what is under ground, the pavement having

been raised in forming it into a church. On its walls are fine paintings by Carlo Maratti, and the St. Sebastian of Domenichino. A meridian line is traced on the pavement of the church by Bianchini. Adjoining the church, likewise, in part of the Thermæ, is the convent of the Chartreuse, the cloister of which is the work of Michael Angelo. The portico which goes round it, is supported by a hundred columns of travertino, over which are four long open galleries. In the area of the cloister is a fountain of water, and four lofty cypress trees.

From thence, in my way to the Corso, I descended the Quirinal Mount, to the beautiful fountain of Trevi, which has its source eight miles from Rome, and is conveyed there by a subterraneous aqueduct, fourteen miles in length, of ancient workmanship. The water issues from a great mass of artificial rock, in front of a fine building, adorned with columns, and falls into a large basin of marble below. There is an alcove in the centre of the building, in front of which is a statue of the Ocean in

his car, guided by Tritons, placed upon the rock. Though fountains of this description are certainly too artificial, yet it is impossible not to admire the fountain of Trevi; as likewise that in the Piazza Navone; the fountain Paulina, on the Janiculan hill, supplied by the Aqua Julia, and several others in Rome.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Capitol—Museum Capitolinum—Palace of the Conservatori—Gallery of Pictures—Tarpeian Rock—Tower of the Campidoglio.

THE principal approach to the Campidoglio, or Capitol, is from the north. The ascent to it is by no means steep, with marble balustrades on each side; towards the south, where it overlooks the Forum Romanum, it is much more precipitous. Not a vestige remains of the temples which once adorned it. In front, as you enter the square, is the Senatorial Palace, the architecture of Michael Angelo, and to the right and left the Palace of the Conservatori and the Museum Capitolinum, by the same architect. The equestrian statue of gilt bronze of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, is placed in the centre of the square; and the statues of Castor and Pollux, with their horses, the tro-

phies of Marius, and two ancient mile-stones, in a very perfect state, on the balustrade, on each side, at the top of the steps.

The Museum of the Capitol, like that of the Vatican, consists entirely of statues, busts, and other sculptures of the first excellence.

In the court of the building, among other statues, is one of the river Nar, better known by the name of Marforio, the respondent to the satirical productions which were affixed to that called Pasquino.

In a hall of the Museum, on the ground floor, is a very fine head of Isis and Apis in basalt, from the Villa Adriana; and in another the sarcophagus of Severus, representing the quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon, on account of Briseis, who certainly, as she is represented in the basso relievo, does not appear worthy of it; it is very curious, and entire, however.

In the wall of the staircase is fixed the celebrated fragments of the ancient plan of Rome, of white marble, marked with red lines, which served for the pavement of the temple of Ro-

mulus and Remus, in the Via Sacra. You then enter the gallery, along the walls of which, are statues of the Emperors Severus, Marcus Aurelius, and his son Lucius Verus, of Adrian, of athletæ, besides vases, and other marbles.

In the centre of a small apartment off it, is the funeral urn taken from the tomb of Cecilia Metella, as likewise a beautiful mosaic of doves round a bowl, called the Furietti mosaic, from its having been found by a Cardinal of that name, in the Villa Adriana, reckoned the finest that exists; it is about the size of a cabinet picture, not more than two feet in length: a Diana of Ephesus, about three feet in height; that singular looking pyramid, as absurd almost as the deities of the Gentoos. A bronze vase, found in the sea at Antium, given by Mithridates at public games: a pair of ancient scales, of bronze; and other antiquities, and sculptures.

The hall of busts is one of the most interesting parts of the Museum. We there meet with those of most of the philosophers and celebrated men, as likewise of the Emperors and Empresses.

They are all, in general, larger than life, as I ascertained by putting my hat on the bust of a boy, I believe of Lucius Verus, but which was much too small for it. In the centre of the hall is a fine recumbent statue of a Roman lady, in a chair, supposed to be that of Agrippina, the sleeves of her dress tied with ribbons.

In the next hall is a Jupiter of black marble: the two Furietti Centaurs, as they are called, of dark gray or black marble, found at the Villa Adriana, by Greek artists; they resemble ebony, and the legs are very slender: an infant Hercules of basalt, as large as a man, but the proportions well preserved, which was found in the Aventine Mount; it is placed on a square pedestal, with very fine basso relievos, representing the history of the life of Jupiter: a colossal statue of Hercules, in gilt bronze, discovered in the Forum Boarium, to the north of the Palatine Hill: Venus and Mars: a Cupid bending his bow, one of the finest in the collection: a statue of a hunter, with a hare: the Goddess Minerva, Apollo, and others.

You next enter a hall, in which is another celebrated Faun of rosso antico, finer even than that of the Vatican, and a Cupid with his finger on his lip, &c. and then pass into another, which is the last, with the dying Gladiator in the centre, the celebrated Antinous, the Venus of the Capital, Antinous in an Egyptian habit, a Priestess carrying a vase, and others, and then enter the gallery again, and descend the staircase. I could not help saying to myself, as I left the Museum, these, indeed, are the works of a most refined, though different race of men, from the present.

In the court of the building opposite, the Palazzo di Conservatori, there are two colossal heads of the Emperor Commodus in bronze, and a marble one of Domitian, two immense feet, and other fragments, which remind you something of the romance of the Castle of Otranto, where the gigantic limbs of the spectre of Alfonzo appear to the terrified domestics, in different apartments of it. At the upper end of the court are two beautiful statues of

captive kings, in dove-coloured marble. In ascending the staircase is an ancient inscription fixed in the wall, commemorative of the naval victory of Duillius over the Carthaginians, 261 years before the Christian era.

The first apartment you enter is a large saloon, ornamented with fresco paintings of the Roman history, by the Chevalier d'Arpino. In the next, is a fine frieze, three or four feet in depth, painted in colours by Daniel de Volterra, representing the triumph of Marius after the defeat of the Cimbri. In the centre of the room is the celebrated wolf in bronze, which was found in the temple of Romulus, a fine bust of Junius Brutus, the first Roman Consul, and likewise those of Julius Cæsar and Adrian. In that which follows is the celebrated small statue in bronze, called Spinarius, of a shepherd who is taking a thorn from his foot, and a fine head of Mithridates, king of Pontus. There is likewise a bust of Michael Angelo, the head in bronze, and the rest of marble. He had the misfortune to meet with an accident in his

youth, by which his nose was injured, which is very evident in this likeness of him.

In another of the rooms, none of which are either large or lofty, is a fine frieze by Annibal Caracci, of the exploits of Scipio Africanus, with busts of Sappho, Socrates, Ariana, and Poppea, second wife of Nero, in the four corners of it. In another are paintings in fresco of the Roman history, by Pietro Perrugino, with statues of Virgil, Cicero, the Goddess of Silence, Cybele, and Ceres. In the chamber of the Throne, as it is called, is an excellent small portrait of the present Pontiff, Pius the Seventh, under the canopy. A small chapel, hardly larger than a dressing-room, with four fine paintings of Saints by Annibal Caracci, is the last of the suite.

The gallery of pictures of the Capitol, is behind the Palazzo di Conservatori. It consists of two saloons, in which is a large collection of paintings, many of them of the first excellence, the rest nothing remarkable. Among the former, is the fine picture of Guercino, the Exhumation, or taking up the dead body of

St. Petronella, sister of St. Peter, from the grave, which is copied in mosaic at St. Peter's; Romulus and Remus, and the wolf discovered by the shepherd, a charming picture by Rubens; the Persian Sibyl, by Guercino; the Magdalen of Titian; a small picture of a Sorcerer, by Salvator Rosa, and a Spaniard and Astrologer, by Marco Antonio Caravaggio.

From thence I went to visit the Tarpeian rock, which at present has nothing very tremendous in it, being to appearance only about thirty or forty feet in height, and afterwards ascended from the Senatorial Palace to the top of the tower of the Campidoglio, from which you have a view all over Rome and the Campagna, with the Alban hills and the Apennines on one side, and the sea on the other; a Panorama which no traveller to Rome should neglect to see.

CHAPTER XIV.

Temple of Romulus—Arch of Janus—Temples of Vesta, and Fortuna Virilis—Amphitheatre of Marcellus—Pyramid of Cestius—Church of St. Paul.

In order to visit the remains of antiquity on the banks of the Tiber, and towards the south-west of Rome, I again repaired to the Forum Romanum, from whence there is a road to the right, past the Temple of Concord, which leads to them.

On the left, under the Palatine hill, is the small circular temple of Romulus, now the church of St. Theodore, in which was placed the wolf of the Capitol; it has been restored, however, since it was originally built. Farther on, in the same direction, is another monument in honour of Septimus Severus: it is of white marble, square at top, and rather larger than a common door-way. The basso relievos upon

it, are still very entire: in one part of them, the Emperor is represented at a sacrifice, with his wife Julia; in another is a prisoner conducted by a soldier, and a labourer who is driving a car. It adjoins the small church of St. George in Velabro. The Arch of Janus is about fifty yards from thence. It is sunk ten or twelve feet below its surface, and the pavement under it, when I was there, covered with water. It is square, and built of marble, with four large archways through it, and twelve small niches on each of its sides. It is a good deal injured, as is likewise the Coliseum, by the fastenings of metal, which joined the stones, having been taken out by the barbarians of the middle ages. On the top of it are the remains of a brick fortification, likewise built in these times, called the tower of Cencio Frangipani.

Near it is the Cloaca Maxima, or common sewer, made in the time of the Kings of Rome, by Tarquin. Part of the vault, formed of large blocks of stone, without cement, is still entire; it is twelve feet wide, and the same in height.

Farther on, by the river side, are the temples of Vesta and Fortuna Virilis, which are near each other. They are both of small dimensions, but very entire. The circular wall of the cella of the temple of Vesta is of Grecian marble, so nicely joined, that you would suppose it to be all of one piece. The fluted columns round it are likewise of Grecian marble; one of them is wanting. It is likewise without the architrave, which gives it a less elegant appearance than it would otherwise have. The spaces between the columns were at one time filled up, as may be seen in former views of it, but are now open.

The temple of Fortuna Virilis is originally very ancient, having been first built by Servius Tullius, the sixth King of Rome, in acknowledgment, that from the humble state of a slave, Fortune had raised him to the sovereign dignity. It has been restored however since that time, though the form is the same. It is of an oblong figure, with pilasters, on a basement, raised about three feet from the ground,

and built of travertino. Near the river side likewise, though not upon its immediate margin, as the two temples above mentioned, are the amphitheatre of Marcellus, and the grand entrance to the portico of Octavia. They are in a part of the town, however, inhabited by the lowest order of the people, and in so dirty and disagreeable a situation, as to be almost inaccessible on that account. The amphitheatre was built by Augustus Cæsar, and named by him after Marcellus, the son of his sister Octavia. Two rows of columns and arches on the east side of it, are all that is remaining entire. Its construction was so excellent, that modern architects have taken it for a model, with regard to the proportions of the Doric and Ionic orders, when they are introduced in the same building. There is an old palace belonging to the Orsini family, built upon its ruins. I had a good view of it from a garden, on the west side of the Capitol, which, indeed, is perhaps the most agreeable way of seeing it. The entrance to the Portico of Octavia, now

called la Peschiera, consists of two columns of white marble, with their entablature, and inscription.

From this part of Rome I repaired to visit the pyramid of Cestius, and the church of St. Paul. The road which leads to them is by the Aventine Mount, the most lofty of the seven hills; it lays to the left, with a church on its summit. A little before arriving at the gate of St. Paul, the first view of the pyramid, and the castellated towers of the gateway adjoining, is very picturesque. This fine sepulchral monument is a hundred and thirteen feet in height, and sixty-nine feet square. It is built of large blocks of white marble, which by time has become of a fine gray colour; this, together with the lichens and small shrubs, which grow on its surface, or in the crevices between the stones, adds not a little to its beauty. On the north side of it is the Protestant burying-ground.

The gateway was originally built by the

Emperor Aurelian, and since then by Belisarius, who repaired and built a great part of the walls and gates of Rome, as they are seen at present. The road, which is the highway to Ostia, after passing through the gateway, is broad and flat, to the monastery and church of St. Paul, about a mile distant from it. The church, in approaching it, has nothing remarkable in its appearance. It is a long and lofty building, plain and monastic looking. You enter it from the east end, next to the road; but the principal front, adorned with large figures of saints in mosaic, is to the west, and looks towards the fields. There are five different naves or aisles in the church, separated from each other by long rows of marble columns: that in the centre is supported by fluted pillars of the Corinthian order, thirty-six feet high, and eleven in circumference, twenty on each side, with arches between them, over which are more than two hundred portraits of the Popes, of a circular form. It is very lofty,

and the roof flat. The side aisles are much lower than the centre one. Among the columns in this part of the church are twenty-four of pavonazzo, a white marble with large purple or violet-coloured spots, from the tomb of Adrian. The altar is in the centre of the cross aisle, at the east end, the pavement of which is elevated some feet above the level of the part of the church I have described. It fronts the great door to the west, which, like the other six basilica of Rome, is opened only once in fifty years, on the day of the Jubilee. The arch over the altar is adorned with a mosaic made in the year 440, representing Jesus Christ, the twenty-four old men of the Apocalypse, and the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. There are two immense columns of porphyry likewise in this part of the church, forty-two feet high, and fifteen in circumference.

St. Paul's was originally built by Constantine, and is by far the grandest and most impressive of all the Roman churches, St. Peter's alone

excepted: it has however something of a deserted appearance, and looks to be out of repair. From the flatness of the ground on which it stands, it is frequently, after heavy rains in the winter season, almost surrounded by water.

CHAPTER XV.

Thermæ of Antonine Caracalla—Arch of Drusus—Church of St. Sebastian—Circus of Caracalla—Tomb of Cecilia Metella—Temple of Claudius—Palatine Mount.

THE tomb of Cecilia Metella almost merits itself a pilgrimage to Rome, or at least a day devoted to that purpose alone, and not to be included in one of the seven days of Signor Vasi's guide book, who makes that time sufficient to see the whole of Rome, both within and without the walls: whether it is intended as a hint to travellers to be gone after the expiration of that time, and, as lodgings are scarce there, to give place to others, I know not. For my part, after a residence of more than three months, I left it without having seen many things I now regret I did not.

The way to it is through the gate of St. Sebastian, to the eastward of that of St. Paul's, and at no great distance from it. Passing the Coliseum and the arch of Constantine, a road between Mount Cœlius and the Palatine hill, brings you shortly in view of the Thermæ of Antonine Caracalla, an immense quadrangular building of brick, in which were found the celebrated Hercules of Glycon, the Athenian, the Flora, the famous group of the Farnese Bull, formerly in the palace Farnese, but now at Naples, besides urns, and other valuable marbles. The outside walls are still very entire; in the interior it is on the same plan as the Thermæ of Dioclesian.

From what we see of the remains of the palaces and baths of the Romans, they certainly did not possess the elegance of their temples and public buildings, neither do they seem at all worthy of the fine statues and sculptures they contained. Thick walls of brick, enclosing immensely large spaces, with lofty arches and porticos of brick, are all that is now to be seen

of them. They do not appear to have ever been adapted either for warmth, comfort, or pleasure, according to our ideas of them.

A little farther on you pass under the Arch of Drusus, erected by the Roman senate, in honour of Drusus, father of the Emperor Claudius, after his death. It is composed of travertino, all except the upper part of it, which is of marble, and two columns of African marble, on each side. It is without sculptures of any kind. Beyond this in a vineyard, to the left of the road, was at last discovered, after long research, the tomb of the Scipios, the sarcophagus of which is in the Museum of the Vatican. On passing through the gate of St. Sebastian, originally built by the Emperor Aurelian, the road follows the direction of the ancient Appian Way, the most magnificent of all those formed by the Romans, and which was bordered for a great extent by temples and tombs, the ruins of which are still seen to the right and left along the road. Ancient Rome, like the modern city, was, perhaps, subject to

malaria, and the inhabitants in this manner familiarised themselves to the idea of death. About a mile from the gate of St. Sebastian, on the right of the road, is the church of that name, one of the seven basilica of Rome. The site of the church is very ancient, but the present edifice is a modern one. Adjoining it is the entrance to the catacombs, which extend from the tomb of St. Calixtus for some miles under ground. Fourteen Popes, and thousands of martyrs have been interred in them.

A little farther on, on the opposite side of the road, is the Circus of Caracalla, for chariot races, which is the only one of the sort that is now extant. It is of an oblong figure, rounded at the ends. The obelisk of the fountain, in the Piazza Navone, stood in the centre of it. Beyond this on an eminence, by the side of the ancient Appian Way, the pavement of which is still entire, is the celebrated tomb of Cecilia Metella.

The form of this monument is circular, eighty-nine feet and a half in diameter. It is

placed on a square foundation, or platform, on the brow of a hill, facing the north, and is built of large blocks of travertino of a fine white colour, so artfully joined, that it appears to be all of one piece, and as entire as if it were just finished; the walls are thirty feet in thickness. The whole of the interior consists only of a small circular chamber of brick, now open at top, which contained the sarcophagus which is to be seen under the piazza of the palace Farnese, and the urn which is in the museum of the Capitol.

Round the top of the tomb is a beautiful frieze of marble, consisting of festoons of leaves, and the heads of oxen, from whence it has received the name of Capo de Bove, by which it is commonly known. An inscription on the west side, under the frieze or entablature, informs us, that this fine monument is the tomb of Cecilia Metella, daughter of Quintus Creticus, and wife of Crassus, the triumvir. In the middle ages, the family of Gactani fortified themselves on this spot, during the civil wars

of Italy, which is the cause of the embrasures which are seen on the top of the tomb, above the entablature, as likewise of the ruins which adjoin it.

A little farther, on the Appian Way, the pavement of which is nowhere sufficiently broad for two carriages to pass with any sort of freedom, are the remains of a tomb, where researches were made a few years ago by the Marquis Canova. It was discovered to have belonged to a family of the name of Servilia, but nothing of any consequence, except inscriptions, found there. About a mile beyond this are a number of ruined walls and edifices, which they call the remains of Roma Vecchia, or old Rome, that is to say, of a city, built even prior to that of which Romulus was the founder, where have been found statues, busts, sarcophagi, and other marbles of merit.

In my way back to Rome, as I stopped to look at the interior of the church of St. Sebastian, I heard part of an Italian sermon, which the preacher, an elderly man, delivered in a

sort of a familiar tone, and in an accent something resembling the Scotch. His congregation, which was but small, consisting chiefly of country people, stood leaning, during the time, upon the railing which separates the nave of the church from the chancel in which he was. I likewise visited on Mount Cælius, to which you ascend by a road in front of the Thermæ of Caracalla, the circular edifice called the temple of Claudius. It is supposed to have been a temple of Bacchus, or of Faunus, built by that Emperor; but as several of the columns in the interior are of different orders of architecture, and different diameters, and a cross is seen on some of the capitals, it is most probable that it is a Christian edifice of the fifth century. It is at present a church dedicated to St. Stephen. It is a hundred and thirty-three feet in diameter, and a circular colonnade of fifty-eight pillars go round it, in the interior, and support the roof. The walls are all covered with paintings in fresco, representing martyrdoms of so shocking a description, that it is absolutely

disagreeable to look at them, and as I went up to examine them, without being apprised of what sort of paintings they were, their effect upon me was still more forcible than they would otherwise have been. Surely such representations as these, which abound in Catholic countries, and particularly in Italy, cannot be favourable to the interests of religion.

Near the church, is a small ancient boat, or vessel of marble, on a pedestal, placed there by Leo the Tenth, which in England, in such a situation, would certainly have been long ago injured from wanton mischief; but in Italy, the natives consider their monuments as public property, redounding to their honour, and natural genius for the arts, and respect and preserve them accordingly. Near this, likewise, is the villa Mattei, inhabited by the Prince of Peace, formerly prime minister and favourite of the King of Spain, at that time resident in Rome.

In descending the hill, you pass the church of St. John and St. Paul on the right, built on

the site of an ancient temple, and that of St. Gregory on the left, in which are fresco paintings by Guido and Domenichino. From this spot there is a fine view of the south side of the Palatine Mount, with its ruins intermixed with cypresses, shrubs, and fruit-trees. The most entire part of them is at the west end, looking towards the Aventine Mount, and the Tiber, just above where was once the Circus Maximus. The summit of the hill is now a garden for vegetables. A subterraneous hall, or bath, is still to be seen there, in which there are some remains of stucco, and painting, called the baths of Livius. —

On a terrace, at the east end of the Palatine Mount, are fine fragments of white marble, consisting of capitals, friezes, and broken columns, supposed to have belonged to the temple of Apollo, built on that spot by Augustus. It is part of the old Farnese gardens, and overlooks the Forum Romanum. To the north of the hill, on the side next the Capitol, are large vaults of brick, like caverns, substructures of

former buildings, and a sort of terrace in front of them, and this is all that remains of those vast and grand buildings, once the scenes of luxury and voluptuousness, of which we have read, and imagined so much.

CHAPTER XVI.

Palaces—Barberini—Farnese—Doria—Borghese—Colonna, &c.—Studio of Canova—Promenade on Monte Pincio—The Carnival—The Holy Week.

THE numerous palaces of Rome, many of which have been built by Popes, or families who have been dignified by having formerly had a relation in the Papal chair, are large lofty edifices, plain in their style of architecture, with long suites of apartments, and wide staircases which lead to them. Like all the rest of Rome, except a very few, they are built of brick, and plastered over, with stone round the windows and at the corners, without columns or entablatures, or any other architectural ornaments. They have generally large porticos, or gateways, which are more ornamented than the rest of the building, and windows with balconies over them. The public buildings are all of the same description.

The Barberini and Farnese palaces are the most regular, and the finest in exterior architecture. The former is situated not far from the Quirinal palace, to the east, and part of it was the residence of the King of Spain. The roof of the grand saloon is painted in fresco by Pietro de Cortona, a painter whose works, though frequently met with in the palaces of Rome, are of no great merit. The library is very extensive and valuable, and is open to the public two days in the week. The apartments contain pictures by Poussin, Guido, Guercino, and others, but only a few of them were to be seen when I was there. The Portland vase in the British Museum, almost the only one of the sort extant, was formerly in this palace, and took its name from it.

The palace Farnese belongs to the King of Naples, and his ambassador resides in it. It is the architecture of Michael Angelo, and built of travertino; but the situation is not agreeable, being in the low part of Rome, near the river. It is something in the exterior like Chatsworth

House in Derbyshire. It contains fresco paintings by Annibal Caracci in a very large apartment, representing Bacchus and Ariadne, Galatea, &c. which are reckoned the finest of that celebrated painter. The statues which were formerly there have been removed to Naples.

The Doria and Borghese palaces possess great collections of the finest paintings, for which, though very large and magnificent, they are more remarkable than they are for the beauty of their architecture.

In the Doria palace, situated in the Corso, the landscapes of Poussin hold a distinguished place; the trees, however, are much too green for nature. In the grand gallery are two very fine pictures by Claude Lorraine; Abraham offering up Isaac, by Titian; Judith, by Guido; a dead Christ, by Annibal Caracci; a holy family, by Sasso Ferrato; Pope Pamphili, by Velasquez; and a great many others of first-rate excellence.

In the Borghese palace, the court of which is surrounded on three sides by arcades and

pillars of granite, there is a large collection of pictures by the first masters. Among these are several by Titian; the Sibyl of Domenichino; the chase of Diana, by Domenichino; the descent from the cross, by Raphael; the portraits of Machiavel, and Borgia, by the same painter, as likewise his own portrait by himself at thirteen years of age.

The gallery in the Colonna palace is by far the most superb in Rome. It is two hundred feet in length, and adorned with pillars and pilasters of giallo antico. The battle of Lepanto, in which one of the family signalised himself, is painted, with a profusion of gilding, on the ceiling. Among the pictures are a family piece, by Paul Veronese; St. Sebastian, by Guido; the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido, which was taken the evening before her execution, for the murder of her father; St. John preaching in the wilderness, by Salvator Rosa; several landscapes by Poussin, and the celebrated Magdalen of Guido.

In the palazzo Spada, among other statues,

is one of Pompey, nine feet in height, said to be the same at the base of which Cæsar was assassinated.

In the Corsini palace, on the other side of the Tiber, near the river, once the residence of Christina of Sweden, is a large collection of pictures, and one of the finest libraries in Rome.

The palazzo Altieri is one of the most modern and grandest looking buildings in Rome, but as there are no statues or pictures to be seen there, I was not in the interior of it. It is near the Corso, and the large church of the Jesuits, one of the most richly ornamented in Rome, and where you hear the finest sacred music.

The palazzo Braschi is likewise a large modern palace, and has the most superb marble staircase in Rome. At one end of it is the ancient mutilated statue, commonly known by the name of Pasquin, supposed to be that of Menelaus supporting the dead body of Patrocles.

Near the Corso is the workshop or studio of the Marquis Canova, the finest statuary and sculptor of the present day, whose works may vie with those of ancient Greece or Rome. In it I admired the group of the three Graces, the statues of Hebe, of Flora, of the King of Naples, in a Roman cloak and helmet, of a horse in white marble, of Ajax larger than life, besides busts and basso relievos of the finest description. If I may venture to criticise the works of so great an artist, I should say that in many of his statues of men, the figures are somewhat clumsy and heavy, and the nose in general too long and prominent, and that in those of women, there is rather too great a similarity of countenance, beautiful as they certainly are. His female statues are the best. His Venus and Adonis at Naples, in the palace of the Marquis de Berio, is reckoned the finest of his works. There are very large prints of the statues of Canova lately published to be had at Rome, but they certainly are not of a convenient size

for travellers from such a distance as the English are, being twice as large as the prints of academic figures usually are.

Besides visits to the ancient and modern buildings in Rome, the promenade on Monte Pincio, near the French Academy, formerly the Villa de Medici, is the most fashionable and frequented place of public resort. It is situated above, and to the north of the Piazza de Spagna, from which you ascend by a broad and lofty flight of steps. Part of it is on the spot where the gardens of Lucullus formerly were, and the east and north sides are upon the ancient ramparts of the city. From hence you have a fine view of Rome and St. Peter's to the west, and to the east of the Villa Borghese, and its extensive pleasure grounds, over the tops of the pine trees of which, are seen the lofty hills and Apennines above Tivoli. To the north is Monte Soracte, and the country through which flows the Tiber. The aspect, however, is chiefly to the north-east, and as it has been only lately formed, and the trees and

shrubs do not yet afford shelter, though the air is the finest in Rome, it is subject in winter to the cold blasts which blow from that quarter. The climate of Rome is in general very mild, however; the orange trees flourish there on walls, as peaches in England, and without walls in sheltered situations. In the month of February, the almond, and different kinds of fruit-trees, are in blossom. In the month of March, a weeping willow near a small fountain in the court of the old Venetian palace, situated in the Corso, was as green as in the month of May in England, and in the Campo Vaccino, the elm trees were so covered with bunches of the green flower, or blossom, that until I examined them more particularly, I thought all the leaves were out, at any rate it completely supplied the place of leaves, which generally come out immediately after.

There are other usual companions of spring which you will seek in vain for near Rome, or over all the south of Italy, I believe, which are the primrose, the daisy, and the wild hyacinth,

or blue bell. In the green avenue opposite to the church of St. John, extending from thence to the church of Santa Croce, and in the fields elsewhere, as those near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, or in the Villa Borghese, the only spring flower I remarked, in particular, was a lilac or purple star, black in the centre, something resembling an anemone. The lizard of the most vivid green, makes its first appearance about this time, on old walls exposed to the rays of the sun.

The streets of Rome, of which the Corso is almost the only fine one, are another source of novelty and entertainment to a stranger. The religious processions so frequently seen there are very striking and impressive. The black and gray penitents likewise, whose faces are entirely covered except two holes for the eyes, the former, or fraternities in the same habit, generally employed in funeral solemnities, are very singular looking, and only to be seen in Rome, or Naples. The princes and nobility drive up and down the Corso almost every day

in carriages with four or six horses. Among these the King of Spain and the King of Sardinia were pretty constant in their appearance. There are still many of the carriages in Rome of a deep red, or scarlet colour, wheels and all, with the step to ascend to them fixed on the outside, a construction I should suppose in fashion about seventy years ago at the least, with part of the lining of cloth, or silk, bordered with gold or silver lace, hanging for ceremony out of the window, which is large enough to show completely whom the carriage contains.

During the carnival, all the inhabitants of Rome, that can either walk or be driven there, flock in masquerade to the Corso. From the carriages it is the custom to throw handfuls of little white balls, like sugar plums, at passengers and each other. The most favourite masquerade dresses are old-fashioned embroidered coats, with wigs, and old-fashioned silk gowns, and head-dresses, in such variety, that it appears a matter of astonishment where they all come from. Polichinellos entirely white,

mask and all, is another favourite dress. Banditti or assassins, in scarlet and gold with daggers, boys like demons, &c. Besides the masquerade in the streets during the day, there is another at night at the large theatre Aliberti, in the Strada Babbuina. On the last day of the Carnival there are horse races for horses without riders. At this period the people of Rome, ecclesiastics and all, seem to indemnify themselves for the want of amusements during the rest of the year.

During the holy week there is so great a concourse of strangers to Rome, that unless you have lodgings beforehand, it is next to impossible to obtain them. On Thursday, the Pope goes in state to St. Peter's. On Friday, in the evening, the church is lighted in the interior by a large illuminated cross, suspended from the centre of the great dome, which as all the rest of it is in darkness, has a fine, and at the same time, a simple effect, shedding a mild lustre over the whole of the edifice. When the Pope leaves the Quirinal palace on Sunday, to

proceed to St. Peter's, it is announced to the people by the firing of cannons from the castle of St. Angelo. His state carriage is an immensely large one, with a profusion of carving and gilding. It was followed by the King of Spain's, and a long train of others.

The church in the interior is lined on each side, as far as the dome, with soldiers, between whom the Pope is carried in his chair to the upper end, higher than the heads of the people. His robe is of white satin, richly embroidered over with crosses of gold, something at a distance resembling flowered brocade, and he wears his tiara with three bands of jewels encircling it. There are two immense fans, made of red velvet and ostrich feathers, carried over him on each side. He makes the sign of the cross during the time. Round the circle under the dome were high scaffoldings, filled with company to witness the solemn ceremony of his performing divine service and taking the sacrament, which he does seated, with the Cardinals around him. When it is all over, he is carried out of the

chancel as before, and shortly after appears at a window with a balcony in front of the building, high above the people, who are now assembled on the outside of the church, from whence he bestows his benediction on them, and the ceremony concludes. In the evening St. Peter's was illuminated all over with lamps, and the dome at a distance resembled a glittering bee-hive. Fire-works, the finest I have ever seen, were let off from the circular castle of St. Angelo, and thus ended the day. I confess the whole exhibition was to me rather a singular, though at the same time, a grand one, resembling too much, as I thought at the time, the church militant, or rather I should say, the church military. On the following day St. Peter's was again illuminated, as likewise all the streets and palaces of Rome.

CHAPTER XVII.

Albano — Velletri — Pontine Marshes — Terracina — Fondi—Mola di Gaeta—Capua—Naples.

On the 12th of April I left Rome for Naples, passing the Coliseum, and the church of St. John de Lateran, through the gate of St. John. To the left is the long range of arches, part of the ancient Claudian aqueduct which conveyed water to the city, and to the palace of the Cæsars, on the Palatine hill, with Tivoli and the mountains above it. To the right, at a little distance, is the Appian Way, bordered by the ruins and foundations of ancient tombs, which extended from Rome to Brindisium, on the shores of the Adriatic. In front, embowered in groves of evergreen oaks, pines, and cypresses, is seen Frescati, and the pleasant hills above it. At Albano, where the road meets the ancient Appian Way, is a lofty tomb

on the left, between forty and fifty feet in height, in appearance, said (whether it is true or not is doubtful) to be that of Ascanius. On the other side of Albano is the tomb of the Curiatii: it is square, and had formerly five pyramids or cones placed upon it; that in the centre by much the largest. Of those at the corners, two only remain entire. The one in the centre, though more dilapidated than the smaller ones, is still likewise pretty entire; the other two to the west, are now quite gone. You then pass, by an agreeable and woody road, through the small town of Gensano, and the village and palace of Riccia, anciently Arricia, belonging to the Chigi family, to Velletri. The hawthorn was already in flower in the hedges, and the trees coming out all along the road. Velletri was formerly the capital of the Volscians, and the place from which sprung the family of Augustus Cæsar: it stands on an eminence facing the south. Opposite to it, on the side of the mountains, on the old road to Naples, is the small town of Cora, where is an

ancient temple of Hercules, and the remains of other edifices. You have likewise a fine view from it of Monte Circello and the rock of Terracina, about thirty miles off, as also of the mountains to the left, over which the road formerly passed, before the marshes were drained.

On leaving Velletri you descend to a flat plain, which continues all the way to Terracina. At about two stages from Velletri the Pontine marshes commence, which are twenty-four miles long, and, in some places, from the foot of the mountains to the sea, ten or twelve miles broad. The course of the road is the ancient Appian Way, which was quite submerged with water. Many different Popes, for two or three centuries, tried to drain them, but it was the late Pope, Pius the Sixth, who accomplished the work. Broad and deep canals run from the mountains across the road, and along side of it. The air, as it is well known, is unwholesome, and sometimes fatal; and travellers seldom stop, except to change horses, in passing them. There are herds of buffalos in the

fields on the side of the road. The old road went along the face of the mountains to the left; and there are several towns in very elevated situations, through which it formerly past, which you see from the new one. Monte Circello makes a grand appearance to the right: though a peninsula, it looks, notwithstanding, like an island, from the flatness of the country towards the sea.

Terracina, where I arrived in the afternoon, is in a pleasant situation on the shores of the Mediterranean, with high romantic rocks above it, on which are the ancient temple of Jupiter Anxur, and the remains of a palace built by Theodoric, King of the Goths. The climate is mild, and the palm tree, the Indian fig and orange trees, grow in the open air. There is a fine flat sand, on which I walked for two or three miles in view of the town of San Felice, on the south extremity of Monte Circello. It was here, as Homer feigns, that the companions of Ulysses were metamorphosed and confined in prison, and where was the palace of the

enchantress Circe, daughter of the Sun, from whom the cape derives its name. The inn at Terracina is a very large one, close upon the sea, and were it in England, it would certainly be a favourite bathing place. The Pope has a palace here, and it is almost at the very extremity of his dominions towards the south.

On leaving Terracina you pass through a gate which fills up entirely the space between the high rock above it and the sea; the road then goes on some little way on a raised terrace, along the borders of the Mediterranean, when you leave it altogether till you come to Mola de Gaeta. At the small fort on the confines of the kingdom of Naples, where your passport is examined, I observed the American aloe and Indian fig flourishing on the rocks. The small town of Fondi is on the Appian Way, and the ancient pavement in the street is still remaining entire: it was celebrated by the ancients for its wines, which are still in estimation. It was almost demolished in 1534,

by a fleet of Turks, who landed and tried to carry off Julia de Consagua, Countess of Fondi, celebrated for her beauty, who however escaped. After passing Fondi, the road is somewhat mountainous and sequestered, in a valley between hills; and, as it is reckoned unsafe, there are soldiers stationed in huts by the way, to protect travellers, and overawe the banditti. The scenery certainly appears as much adapted for robberies as any on the road. At Itri there is a fortified castle on a hill to the right. The street of the town, which is an ancient Roman situation, is so narrow, notwithstanding that it is the great thoroughfare to Naples, that it is only broad enough for one carriage; and the houses, with all their poor inhabitants at their doors, are miserable looking in the extreme. From thence to Mola de Gaeta the road is agreeable and picturesque almost the whole of the way, amidst vineyards, fig trees, lentisques, and myrtles. Before you arrive there, on the right of the way, is an ancient tower or tomb, said to be the tomb of Cicero.

At Mola de Gaeta the inn is delightfully situated near the sea, with a garden of orange trees, as large as apple and pear trees, close to the house. The beautiful peninsula and town of Gaeta is opposite to it, on the other side of the bay, about two miles distant, crowned by an ancient monument, now called Orlando's tower; and just above the inn, to the east, are mountains as high as those of Cumberland or Scotland.

In proceeding to St. Agatha you again leave the sea, as at Terracina: you shortly after pass the river Garigliano, anciently the Liris, over which, as there is no bridge, only a sort of raft, there is some delay in passing. It was near this that the famous Roman general Marius, so often victorious, and seven times Consul, was obliged to conceal himself, in the marshes formed by the river, to escape from the partisans of Sylla, and where, with a bold and unsubdued air, he delivered himself up to them. Beyond this you come to the remains of an amphitheatre and aqueduct, part of the

ancient town of Minturno. The inn at St. Agatha is pleasantly situated, at a small distance from a town, which lays on a fine elevation to the left. The greatest part of the Falernian wine is made in this neighbourhood, on the slopes of Monte Massico, though chiefly drank by visitors at Baiæ. From thence to Capua the road continues agreeable, with the Apennines rising in grandeur at some miles distance to the left.

Capua is a tolerably large town, situated on the fine river Volturno, which washes it to the east and north. The ancient town was situated about two miles to the left. From thence to Naples the road is through a beautiful and rich plain the whole of the way: the trees were all green, and the vines hanging in festoons upon them. By the side of the road they were cutting a sort of crimson trefoil or clover, here called *prato*, which has a very beautiful appearance when growing. Many of the peasants I met wore beaver hats in the shape of a cone,

with narrow brims, like the clown in a pantomime, which has a strange and somewhat ludicrous effect. As I approached nearer to Naples, I passed among carriages of different sorts, several of which are just large enough for one person, and look something like a large china jar placed upon the frame of a carriage, as they are broad at top, and narrow at bottom: they are gaudily painted and gilt, and go with great velocity. The castle of St. Elmo, and the Carthusian convent of San Martino, have a fine appearance in entering Naples, overlooking the town, which is just under the hill on which they are situated. The Strada di Toledo, which you pass through from one extremity to the other, is a fine broad street, a mile and a half in length, with lofty houses and palaces on each side, and a vast concourse of people, walking up and down it, intermixed with carriages of every description. At the other end you come to the square where the Royal Palace is situated, and turn down to the sea side, where

all the hotels are, fronting the bay and Mount Vesuvius, from which are occasionally rising clouds of black smoke, that fly off immediately, and are soon dispersed in the clear and serene atmosphere.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Naples—Churches—Palaces—The Chiaja—Tomb of Virgil—Grotto of Pausilippo—Lago d'Agnano—Grotto del Cane—Puzzuoli—Solfatara—Baiæ.

The city of Naples is more distinguished for its fine climate and the beauty of its surrounding scenery, than for its buildings, none of which are in a good style of architecture. The palace, which is very extensive, and one side of which fronts the sea, is the finest edifice in the city. None of the churches are very magnificent. The cathedral of St. Januarius is situated near the spot where a temple of Apollo formerly stood, and is adorned in the interior by ancient columns, which are part of the remains of it. The chapel of St. Januarius, which contains the head, and two phials of the blood of that saint, preserved in a cabinet with doors of silver, is

close to the cathedral; it is of a circular form, and built of white and black marble. The church adjoining the convent of Santa Chiara, or St. Clare, is one of the most ancient and venerable-looking in Naples. Many of the churches have domes covered with coloured tiles, red, yellow, and blue, disposed in stripes, waving lines, or diamonds. Some of the palaces, such as those of Gravina, Doria, &c. are grand looking buildings, but they are all in the centre of the town, and none of them have a view of the sea, or Mount Vesuvius.

The quarter of Santa Lucia, and that part of the town called the Chiaja, is much the most agreeable in Naples, and the only part of it where strangers reside. There is a very fine promenade, with fountains and statues, close to the sea, in front of it, near half a mile in length. In the centre of it is placed the magnificent ancient group of the Toro Farnese, nine feet eight inches square, and thirteen feet high, all of one block of marble, representing Dirce tied to the horns of a bull by Zetus and his

brother Amphion, who at the same time, in order to save her, are stopping it, before it runs off, by the commands of their mother. It was found at Rome in the Thermæ of Caracalla, and formerly adorned the palazzo Farnese, but was brought from thence by the King of Naples, to whom it now belongs. At the western extremity of the Chiaja is the grotto of Pausilippo, and the tomb of Virgil. The shore is particularly beautiful at Pausilippo. A large palm tree in a garden close to the road, by the edge of the sea, leading to the promontory of that name, is a proof of the mildness of the situation.

The tomb of Virgil was one of the first places I visited at Naples. It is beautifully situated on a rock above the entrance of the grotto of Pausilippo, fronting the east; it resembles a small vault, and is built of what is called reticular brick work, with niches in the walls in the interior. There was no access to it formerly, the two entrances opposite to each other having been made in the fourteenth century, until

which time the sarcophagus of the poet, containing his ashes, supported by nine small columns of white marble, remained in the tomb. It was then removed by Robert of Anjou, King of Naples, and transported to Castel Nuovo, where, notwithstanding the researches made for it, it has never since been seen. The tomb is surrounded by a garden, from which there is the most delightful view in the environs of Naples. The grotto of Pausilippo just beneath it, is one of the grandest and most curious works of the ancients in Italy. It is the third part of a mile in length, and fifty feet in height, broad enough for two carriages and foot passengers, and paved with lava. About the middle of it, where it is lower than it is at the two entrances, is a small chapel hollowed from the rock, and inhabited by a hermit, who keeps a lamp constantly burning there. In the month of October, the setting sun illuminates the passage from end to end. The road leads to the Lago d'Agnano, the Solfatara, and the towns of Puzzuoli and Baiæ, on the sea coast, formerly

favourite resorts of the Romans for health and recreation.

Some days after, I set out on an excursion to visit those places. On emerging from the grotto of Pausilippo, and leaving the road to Puzzuoli on the left, an agreeable one of about two miles, through vineyards and groves of walnut trees, then in full leaf towards the end of April, brought me to the Lago d'Agnano, surrounded by low rocky hills, and verdant meadows. On the border of the lake on the south side, is the celebrated Grotto del Cane, so called from its being fatal to animal life, and to dogs in particular. This cave of death resembles a niche, such as a gipsy, or beggar, might choose or form for himself, on a high way, to beg charity from passengers. It is hollowed out in a sandy rock, and is about nine feet in height, and four in breadth. It is always locked up, and you ascend to it by a few steps. The ground or floor from whence the vapour arises, is like common earth trod down, as I have seen in the cottages of the poor. The vapour rises

about six inches from the surface, resembling that of charcoal, and is of a moist nature, as may be perceived by the dampness of the earth. The guide who showed it me had brought as usual the poor animal on which the experiment was to be performed, but as I did not choose to witness it, the dog was spared for that time at least. On holding a lighted torch in the vapour, notwithstanding the door of the cave was open, it went out almost immediately, a proof that the air is strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, which it is well known is fatal to animal life. I entered the cave, but found no disagreeable effects from it. Near it I observed a great number of young frogs leaping about upon the fresh grass.

Not far from the Grotto del Cane are small subterraneous chambers, called the baths of St. Germano, from which arise vapours, so very hot, as instantaneously to produce the most violent perspiration. I could not remain in them longer than a minute, notwithstanding

they are made use of for health, and for the cure of various disorders.

From the Lago d'Agnano to Puzzuoli, anciently Puteolum, the distance is about five or six miles. It is situated on the east side of the small gulf of that name, and was once much resorted to by the great men of Rome for the sake of the mineral waters in its neighbourhood. The church of the town was formerly a temple of Augustus. There is likewise a temple of Jupiter Serapis, of which, however, three lofty columns of cipolline marble are all that remain, and an amphitheatre, which is a sort of edifice, from the size and solidity of its construction, that is in general more entire than any of the other Roman buildings. Part of the ancient harbour of Puzzuoli, which consisted of a long moat, built on arches, and carried a considerable distance into the sea, is likewise still entire; it has been said, but erroneously, to be the remains of the bridge of Caligula.

Near the town, on a small plain, in an ele-

vated situation, is the Solfatara, so called on account of the great quantity of sulphur that it produces. A warm smoke, impregnated with sulphur and sal ammoniac, issues from it in several places. It is supposed that it is undermined by a subterraneous fire, as it sounds as if it was hollow, when a stone is thrown upon its surface. The sulphur that comes from it forms a considerable article of the commerce of Naples. There are a great many mineral waters near it, proper for cutaneous and other disorders. Not far from it likewise is a church and convent of Capuchins, where the sulphureous vapours are so strong, that the monks are forced to abandon it altogether in summer. To the west of Puzzuoli, on the sea shore, are some of the walls, or rather foundations, of what is called the country house of Cicero. Beyond that you come to the lakes of Lucrino and Averno, near which, in the year 1538, a volcanic eruption caused an earthquake, which swallowed up a town, and formed a small hill, now called the Monte Nuovo.

On the lake of Averno, which Virgil calls "Inferni janua regis," you are showed the cave of the Sibyl, &c. Between that and Baiæ are ruins of baths and ancient temples, dedicated to Venus, Diana, and Mercury. Beyond these you come to Baiæ, celebrated by Horace, who preferred it to every other place with which he was acquainted. There is a good harbour there, and a castle on an elevated situation, but of the ancient town nothing but a few foundations are remaining, almost covered with water and marshy ground: it is here that visitors are treated with real Falernian wine. To be exposed to the night air both at Puzzuoli and Baiæ, is said to be extremely dangerous. Beyond Baiæ is the promontory of Miseno, where Pliny witnessed the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

A few miles from thence, on a hill above the Mediterranean, to the west, is the ancient town of Cumæ, the place of nativity and residence of the Sibyl who offered to Tarquin, the last king of Rome, the books of oracles for a certain

price, which he refusing, as thinking too much, she burnt several of them, and then demanded, for what remained, the same as she had done for them altogether.

After having visited the antiquities and natural phenomena on this side of Naples, I returned again, as there is no road round the promontory, by the same way I went, through the Grotto of Pausilippo.

CHAPTER XIX.

Portici—Herculaneum—Pompeii—Mount Vesuvius.

My next excursion was to Portici, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, to the south-east of Naples. The road to Portici is along the quays, and by the harbour, through one of the most crowded and populous parts of the town. A vast quantity of oranges appeared to be the principal commodity for sale at this time. On leaving it, the road is broad and fine, and runs near the sea, with villas and houses on each side all the way.

The first place I visited was the Museum at Portici, where is the vast collection of pictures which were taken or sawed off, from the walls of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia; they are placed in a long suite of rooms, in glass cases, and amount to more than fifteen hundred. They consist of figures, some of them as large

as life, landscapes, or architectural paintings, animals, birds, fruit, &c. and are in general designed in a free and masterly manner. There is no grouping or harmony in the pictures of figures however, neither is the perspective in the landscapes good, which have all a resemblance to Chinese paintings; the draperies are painted in small folds, such as we see in the Roman sculptures; the shades and half tints are done with the same colour, and are either of an olive gray, or red mixed with black. The colours in all the paintings are still very fresh and vivid.

Of the pictures as large as life, that of Theseus and Ariadne is one of the best. I admired a small portrait of a lady with a red tablet book in her hand, as elegant and modern looking as if done in the present age of portrait painting. The small groups, and the pictures on a dark ground of birds and fruit, are likewise very pleasing, and in considerable number. Among those which I remarked as curious, was a row of small figures, resembling some caricatures I have seen, with large heads and small bodies,

in humorous attitudes; a car, or chariot, drawn by a parrot, and a grasshopper sitting upon it; rows of various masks; serpents eating cakes from altars; the interior of a shoemaker's shop, &c. with a variety of others too numerous to mention. You are not given long time to examine them however, as in the other collections in Italy, but are conducted on by the cicerone in the king's livery, with rather too much rapidity for such an exhibition.

There are likewise among other things found at Pompeii, a large instrument of punishment, used for confining the legs, something, at first sight, like a man trap; a small temple, resembling a large house for a watch-dog, painted on the outside of a red colour, and in the inside with figures in fresco, which was removed entire from Pompeii; ornaments and utensils of different kinds; grain, bread, peas, and many other articles. The rolls of papyrus, and a great many other curiosities, are at the Royal Academy at Naples. It seems singularly improvident to place this precious collection so near to Mount

Vesuvius, by which the towns from whence they were taken were formerly destroyed, and which may perhaps some time or other be the fate of the spot where they now are."

On leaving the Museum I proceeded across the court of the palace of Portici, which is the only way for all carriages going towards Salerno, to visit Herculaneum. At the other end of the town I stopped, and a guide in the king's livery presenting himself, I followed him a little way down to the right, and entered a small house, the door of which he unlocked, and lighted a flambeau: he then conducted me down a long flight of steps, and through a passage, till he arrived at a place where the light of the sky came in, and then descending a little again, came to the theatre of Herculaneum, sixty-five feet under ground, which is all that is to be seen there, the rest being now filled up. It reminded me of a description in an eastern tale, of a hall of enchantment under ground. It has been very magnificent, built of white marble, and an area round it in the Greek style:

it had twenty-one rows of seats, and a gallery above them: it was adorned with equestrian statues of marble, two of which are to be seen at the Royal Academy at Naples, representing Marcus Balbus, proconsul and procurator of Herculaneum, and his son. In the side wall of a gallery or passage cut out of the volcanic matter with which it was overwhelmed, the guide showed me the deep impression of a human face, such as those formed by petrifactions in limestone. Before you enter the theatre, you pass through an area with a small square window, and a wall painted with red or scarlet, which is the prevailing colour likewise at Pompeii. Across the theatre, in the side which is shut up, is a broad gateway which leads to the streets of the town, from whence the paintings, statues, and a vast number of articles of different sorts, were removed, when first discovered.

From thence to Pompeii the distance is about eight miles on the road to Salerno and Calabria: it is situated a little to the left, within a mile of the sea, on the south side of Mount Vesuvius:

you enter it by a gateway near the road. The first place you see is what was either a forum, or barracks for soldiers, of a square form, with Doric columns of tuff stone plastered over, the lower part of them plain, and the upper part fluted; they are painted red and yellow. Adjoining this are two theatres. Farther on you come to the temple of Isis, from whence a great number of pictures and other things were taken, as likewise skeletons found. Near this is another temple, which has been the finest in the town, but is much more dilapidated. One or two of the public buildings have been repaired so as to imitate antiquity, in reticular work of tuff stone (that is to say, lava), with flat architraves over the doors, which is the style of building at Pompeii; this, however, though it may give us more accurate ideas of what the buildings once were, I cannot approve of, as it may lead in time to suspicions as to the antiquity of the others. The streets are very narrow, not broad enough for two carriages to pass, and paved with lava; on each

side are shops of different descriptions. The houses built of brick or lava plastered over, are without roofs, and have no windows to the streets; they are built round a court, with a cistern in the centre, into which the chambers open like the cloisters of a convent. The chambers are small, and without windows, being lighted by means of the door: they are paved with mosaics, and the walls painted in fresco, or coloured with red, yellow, or blue. From the style of building of the town, it is evident that the inhabitants, like the Greeks, lived chiefly in the open air. Though curious as giving us the only accurate ideas we can now have of the familiar life of the Romans, there is nothing of grandeur in Pompeii, and it was certainly never more than a town of the second rate description.

To visit Mount Vesuvius, though not far distant from Naples, is generally the business of a day: I set out after breakfast for that purpose. At Portici, or Resina, which is a continuation of it, I got a guide and a mule, and

began to ascend from the town, nearly on the spot where Herculaneum is buried. In the space of an hour, and after crossing the immensely broad stream of lava, of the eruption of 1767, which alarmed even Naples itself, I arrived at the hermitage, which is more than half way: here it is customary for the visitors to stop and take refreshment in returning after the fatigues of the ascent to the summit of the volcano. I took a little wine in passing, which the monk, to whose apartment I was shown, told me was genuine lachrymæ Christi, and proceeded on my way.

After travelling over rather a rough and mountainous road among rocks and lava, but notwithstanding not disagreeable, I arrived at the foot of the cone in which is the crater of the volcano: here Mount Vesuvius loses the appearance of a mountain, if I may so express myself, and looks more like what it really is, a cone formed by fire, as if made of cast metal; no bushes, no grass, no stones, nothing but lava and ashes. The ascent is very steep, and I

was assisted by the guide the whole of the way: it is all of lava, which is harder than granite, and very fatiguing to climb. When near the summit on the west side of the cone, before you come to the edge of the crater, there is, or at least was when I was there, a place where the fire beneath me was burning with the noise of a furnace; it was so hot that I could not stand upon it; and I saw the fire in holes and crevices, with which the guide lighted paper and sticks almost immediately. Before I got to the top, a great column of black smoke came out of the volcano, but it went off directly*.

The edge of the crater is only three or four feet broad, and from thence you look into it, and perceive that this part of the mountain which looks so picturesque from Naples, is entirely hollowed out down to the very bottom:

* Two eruptions have since taken place on this side of the mountain; the first in the winter following, and the last, the most remarkable there has been since that of 1794, in the autumn of 1822.

it is all black and frightful, and the edges on which you walk are here and there encrusted with sulphur of a red and yellow colour, a specimen of which, almost as large as an orange, I brought with me to England. Dangerous as it is, it is possible to descend into it however, and many venturous persons frequently have done it. A little way to the east of the crater, where the ground is somewhat marshy in appearance, is a spring of boiling water.

The view from Mount Vesuvius is very fine and extensive: to the north you see all the rich country towards Capua, and the palace of Caserta, with the mountains behind it; to the west, the bay of Naples and the city, with the islands of Ischia, Procita, and Capri, and the grand mountainous promontory of Sorrento, which forms its boundary to the south; to the east nothing is visible but the barren steeps of Mount Vesuvius, and the high and rugged Apennines; to the south, just under Mount Vesuvius, is an agreeable plain, through which flows the river Sarno, beyond which are like-

wise the Apennines extending towards Calabria. About five or six miles off in that direction, the guide pointed out to me the spot where Pompeii is situated, which, as the sun happened to shine upon it at the time, looked more verdant and smiling than any other part of it.

When I had satisfied my curiosity sufficiently on the top of the mountain, I descended by a different way, and in a different manner, from what I went up. The guide I took with me, and another I met with on the mountain, took me one by each arm, and hurried me down rather quicker than was agreeable, through a steep descent of loose cinders and ashes, which reached more than half way up my legs at every step, and got to the bottom, where the mules were in the space of a few minutes.

On reaching the hermitage, I found a large party of visitors round a table on the green before the house, who had been to visit Mount Vesuvius, and returned from it. Indeed it is always advisable to go early in order to visit the mountain, as there is always more smoke

issues from it towards evening, than in the morning; besides that, it would be both disagreeable and unsafe to be benighted upon it, on account of the burning crevices, and dangerous spots, with which it abounds. The Neapolitans themselves have, or pretend to have, a horror at visiting Mount Vesuvius, and very few of them ever ascend it. At Naples are sold small views of all the extraordinary eruptions that have ever taken place. Of those of later years, the eruptions of 1767 and 1794, are by far the most memorable.

CHAPTER XX.

Royal Academy, or Studii—The Vicaria—Theatre of St. Carlo—Streets of Naples—Castle of St. Elmo—The Chiaja, &c.

NOTWITHSTANDING that there are none of those monuments of antiquity to visit daily in Naples, such as we find at Rome, and few spots connected with historical events, yet it is impossible, during the short space of a month, which is all the time I was there, not to find constant amusement and gratification. At the Royal Academy, or Studii, besides the celebrated statues of the Farnese Hercules, the Flora, and others, are to be seen a great collection of antiquities found at Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia, all highly curious and interesting, and proving that both in their ingenuity, and in their refinements in the luxuries of life, the ancients almost equalled the moderns.

More importance however has been given them, particularly when they were first discovered, than perhaps they merit. A learned man, an Italian ecclesiastic, whom the king of Naples employed at the time to give an account of them, in the true style of Italian prolixity, wrote six or seven quarto volumes on the subject; the two first were filled with the introduction, in the fourth quarto he had just begun the work, that is to say, come to what he was desired to write upon; he wrote two or three more volumes, and the work was left unfinished, probably from want of matter to continue it.

The ancient palace, or castle of the kings of Naples, now the Vicaria, where the courts of justice are held, is worth visiting. The square likewise, where the young Conradine, presumptive heir to the imperial crown of Germany, was beheaded, in the thirteenth century, by Charles of Anjou, and the scene of the demagogue Masseniello's insurrection and short-lived command, is interesting on these ac-

counts; it is in the low part of the town, to the left of the quays in the way to Portici.

The opera house at Naples, or theatre of St. Carlo, is one of its greatest attractions: it adjoins the royal palace, and is lately built in a magnificent style, the former one having been consumed. It is very grand in the interior, the boxes lined with crimson, and the king's box in the centre, with a superb circular lustre of cut glass depending from the roof: there is no coffee-room however, nor any place for lounging and refreshment. The same opera is represented for weeks together, as in London; I think Fernando Cortes was almost the only one represented all the time I was at Naples. The ballets here, as every where else in Italy, do not resemble those at the opera in France or England, but are a sort of heroic pieces, and remind me more of those on the stage at Astley's theatre, at Westminster bridge, than any other, where a great deal of fighting and clashing of swords is introduced. In the pit you sit upon

elbow chairs, for which you pay at the time. There is a comic theatre, or opera buffa, and several where Polichinello is the principal performer, but they are all of a very inferior description.

On Sunday afternoons, the King and all the city are to be seen, in carriages or on foot, along the quays of Santa Lucia and the Chiaja; and there are printed regulations directing how the carriages are to advance or return, as likewise on which side those on foot are to pass. It is one of the finest sights in Naples, and almost rivals Hyde Park on Sundays. Every day, and all day long, the mixture of carriages of all sorts, from the cabriolet to those of the highest nobility, of soldiers, sailors, and sunburnt lazzaroni, of women dancing the tarentella to the sounds of the tambourine and castanets (the favourite music of Naples, if such it can be called), all lively and animated, compared with the graver people of Rome, is amusing at first, on account of the novelty and gaiety of the scene, but soon becomes tiresome

and fatiguing. At the season I was at Naples, the commencement of summer, walking by the sea-side, or sauntering among the villas and steep pathways, shaded by cypresses and shrubs of a warm climate, on the heights overlooking the bay, (it does not appear to be much the fashion to sail upon it), had much more attractions for me than the crowded streets or quays had. The view from the Belvidere and the castle of St. Elmo is so very fine, both from its extent and beauty, that none who visit Naples depart without seeing it, at the same time that it is the best and most agreeable way of seeing the town likewise, as the whole of it in a manner lies at your feet.

In the garden of the Chiaja, which is bounded on one side by the sea, trees, shrubs, and flowers of every description, were in blow; among others I remarked a small tree, with bright pink or rose-coloured flowers, hanging like the laburnum (the Italian circis, or Judas tree, I believe), which, the leaves being small, looks completely like a tree of that colour when in blossom. Be-

sides several shrubs unknown to me, I recognised many I have seen in England, but much more luxuriant and beautiful. Roses, carnations, marigolds, the Indian cress, and a variety of other flowers and annuals, which blow in succession in colder climates, appear to come out all at the same time at Naples. A large dark blue bee, with blue wings like the dragon water-fly, was the most remarkable of the insect tribe I saw there. In the middle of May strawberries and cherries were for sale in the streets, though not yet plentiful. I remarked small lemon trees, likewise, in pots (perhaps from a conservatory), with two or three lemons hanging upon them, which the slender little tree seemed hardly strong enough to support. The climate of Naples at this season, tempered by the western breezes from the sea, together with the fine surrounding scenery, makes it really delightful, and I confess I never left any place with greater regret.

I was sorry, before I left Naples, that I did not visit the temple of Neptune, and the other

ruins at Pœstum, which are the most entire in Italy, and the only remains of the ancient Doric architecture in that country; but Doric temples and porticoes are all so much alike, and it is so easy to form a correct idea of their appearance from modern imitations of them, unless, indeed, that some are larger in their proportions than others, that it is hardly worth while to run the risk of being robbed and murdered, in the woods and marshes, on the road to Pæstum, which is besides sixty miles distant from Naples, in order to gratify our curiosity in viewing it.

CHAPTER XXI.

Caserta—Lake of Albano—Castle Gondolpho—Rome—Villa Adriana—Tivoli.

In the third week of May, I set out on my return to Rome, and visited Caserta in my way, which is only a few miles from Capua, to the eastward. You approach the palace by a straight avenue, which is the road from Naples, and do not perceive it till you are near it. It is a vast building, of a pale red colour, and four or five stories high, with pilasters; the lower part of it is of stone, and all above that of brick. I went, after breakfast, (at which I had ripe strawberries of the wood sort, which are those you generally get on the Continent,) first to visit the pleasure-grounds, and then the interior of the palace.

You enter the former by a side gate, a considerable distance from the palace towards the north; it consists of a very long and broad

avenue or lawn, with a canal running in the middle of it, the water of which is brought several miles off by means of an aqueduct, and falls down in a high cascade, which however is beyond the pleasure-grounds, though in view of them. In one part of the walk, along which you are conducted, is some artificial rock work, where the path is narrow, and having the rock on one side, and the water of the clear and pellucid canal, five or six feet deep, on the other, if you should happen to slip a foot, you would certainly run a risk of being drowned.

At the very extremity of the avenue, a group in marble, representing Acteon changed into a stag by Diana, has been placed in a small marble basin of water by Murat, when King of Naples. I was walking on towards it, when the guide told me that it was not proper to go up to it, being directly in front of the palace, as the King and his brother, the King of Spain, were there at the time, though a mile and a half, I believe, from it to the north, and the apartments inhabited by the King are to the south and east.

I went however notwithstanding, and gratified my curiosity in looking at it, though nothing very remarkable. In returning from the pleasure-grounds, I asked the guide, as she had formerly been Queen of Naples, and was sister to Bonaparte, where Madame Murat was, or what had become of her, to which he answered, with a shrug of indifference, *a l'erba*, or in other words, that he neither knew, nor cared where she was. I then went to see the palace.

This immense quadrangular building, the architecture of Vanvitelli, is seven hundred and forty-six feet long, five hundred and seventy-six feet broad, and a hundred and thirteen feet in height. You enter it by a great gateway to the south towards Naples, and advance through a long passage with pillars on each side, till you come to the hall in the centre of the square, from which three other passages of the same description branch off, so that four squares are by this means formed within the great one. To the right a grand staircase, indeed I may say the grandest one in

Europe, the steps of which are twenty feet in length, each of one piece of marble, conducts you to another octagon hall, over that below, from which you go to the chapel and the state apartments. The former is very magnificent, with columns of Sicilian marble, which is of a yellow colour, and a profusion of gilding and ornaments. As the King was at Caserta at the time, I only saw two or three of the apartments, none of which are large: the greatest part of the palace is still unfinished. I regret I did not go to see the aqueduct which conducts the water to the palace, which is one of the most stupendous works of architecture of modern times, and surpasses even those of antiquity, but my time would not permit it. In my way to Capua I passed some ruins, which are all that remain of Capua Antiqua, once a renowned scene of luxury and dissipation.

At Mola di Gaeta, where I slept, I walked down, on the following morning, through a shady lane, to the beach, opposite to the town of Gaeta, on the other side of the bay. The

sands there are delightful; and here likewise, as at Naples, but more particularly at Naples, on the coast extending to Portici, several species of shells are much more beautiful than they are on the British shores. The Mediterranean is celebrated for producing fine coral, both in Sicily and Corsica. Beneath the hedges by the side of the road, between Mola di Gaeta and Itri, I remarked the flower, an annual I believe, called in England, the devil in the bush, (nigella, or fennel flower,) growing in profusion, whence I suppose it is indigenous in this part of Italy. At Itri the pomegranate was putting forth its beautiful blossoms of the brightest scarlet.

At Terracina I again dined and slept, as well on account of the beauties of the spot, as my unwillingness to cross the Pontine marshes in the evening. A great part of the under part of the rock of Terracina was at this time overgrown with very large bushes of a sort of milkwort, or spurge. On the following morning, as the air was clear and serene, I could distinctly

see Mount Vesuvius from the windows of my chamber, as likewise some small islands, which are a considerable distance to the west. In crossing the Pontine marshes, not far from a deserted convent of Capuchins, and an inn adjoining it which is subject to malaria, I felt drowsy, and fell fast asleep for some miles of the way, which is said to be the usual effect you experience in crossing them; but as this might be owing to the sameness of the scenery as much as any thing else, I am not authorised to attribute it to any other cause.

I slept again at Velletri, and when I stopt at Albano, the last town betwixt that and Rome, I went to visit the lake, and the castle of Gondolpho, the country residence of the Pope, which are near it. The lake was formerly the crater of a volcano, and is four hundred and eighty feet in depth; the banks are high and steep, and the water deep all round it, without any shore by which you can approach it, unless at the same time running the risk of falling in and being drowned. The canal or subterraneous

passage, arched with stone to carry off the water, which otherwise would have no drain, is one of the most curious works of the Romans. It was begun by the command, or advice of an oracle, three hundred and ninety-three years before the Christian era, and finished in a twelve-month. The palace or castle of the Pope has nothing remarkable, or very pleasing in it; but the air, as at Frescati, not far from it, is reckoned salubrious in summer, compared with that of Rome.

Though not so gay and amusing as in the winter season, and at the time of the Carnival, I found Rome at my return more agreeable than when I left it; the air mild and healthy, at least I did not find it otherwise, though to be sure it was too early for the summer heats, when it is particularly unwholesome. Quantities of fine large cherries for sale in the streets showed the warmth of the climate. Hazel nuts likewise were almost as large as when ripe. In the villa Borghese, the grass was covered with lilac flowers, as the fields in Eng-

land are with cowslips, and green lizards and beautiful butterflies enlivening the promenades. Among the latter tribe is occasionally to be seen the very large brown moth, five or six inches long when its wings are expanded; I found one upon a nettle in the shade, under the walls of Rome, and put it into my hat, intending to carry it home, but gave it its liberty.

As I had not yet visited Tivoli, a short time after I returned to Rome I made an excursion to it. To go thither, you leave Rome by the gate of San Lorenzo, a low ancient archway, with a capo di bove in the centre of it. About a mile and a half from thence you come to the church of San Lorenzo, which contains the shrine of that saint, and is one of the seven Basilica, or principal churches in Rome. From thence for eight or ten miles, except in one spot where you cross for the first time the Teverene, at the Ponte Mamolo, the country is nothing but a bleak and barren-looking waste, without either trees or houses. You next come to the Solfatara, which lies a little to the left,

and from whence a small canal or drain is cut, over which the road passes, and which communicates with the Teverene. The water of it has so strong and disagreeable a bituminous smell, that you perceive it at some distance before you come to it. There is a constant steam or smoke arising from it. It is a hundred and seventy-five feet deep, and of a whitish blue colour.

After leaving the lake of Solfatara, you come to the bridge of Lucano, over the Teverene, where is the beautiful ancient tomb of the Plautian family, which much resembles that of Cecilia Metella in its circular form, and of which Poussin has made a fine landscape, one of those in the collection of the Palazzo Doria. About a mile farther, a narrow road or lane to the right, conducts you to the Villa Adriana. It consists at present of a mass of ruins, intermixed with trees and bushes, among which are the Imperial palace, the Greek theatre, a temple of Serapis, called the Canope, from a town of that name in ancient Egypt, which was near

Alexandria, the centé Camarelle, a long range of small rooms, &c. but all in a very ruinous state. Some of the plaster and stucco work is still very entire in part of the ruins, but a great part of the buildings have been destroyed by time, or for the sake of the materials. Most of the finest statues and mosaics in Rome have been found in the Villa Adriana.

Having satisfied my curiosity here, I proceeded to Tivoli, two miles farther, to arrive at which you ascend a steep hill. The temple of the Sibyl, and the fall of the Teverene opposite to it, is one of the most beautiful scenes in Italy. The temple is built of travertino, and had formerly eighteen columns round the cella, ten of which only are remaining. They are of the Corinthian order, and fluted, with capitals formed of olive leaves, and an entablature, ornamented with festoons, and the capo di bove. The temple is of a fine yellow colour, particularly when the sun shines upon it. The upper fall of water is fifty feet in height, and at the same time broad and copious. A winding

path, from near the temple of the Sibyl, leads to the grotto of Neptune, where you have the view of another cascade still more romantic, from its height, and from the profound abyss, overshadowed by rocks and trees, into which it falls with a most tremendous uproar. The grotto of the Siren, still farther down, presents the same fine and romantic scenery; in short, they altogether far surpass the falls of the Clyde, in Scotland, or any other I have ever seen elsewhere.

Having ascended from viewing the principal and largest falls of the Teverene, I crossed the bridge above the first fall, and walked some distance round to the bank opposite to them, to see them in that point of view, as well as the Cascatelles, near the villa of Mæcenas, which all lay in the same direction, but are rather more to the westward, towards Rome. The lower cascade from this situation is very grand and romantic, and a rock, like a wall with an arch, through which the water flows, which appears in front of it, adds not a little

to its picturesque appearance. The Cascatelles, which are smaller cascades, but equal to the others in height, though much admired, are not so fine as the grand cascades; they are very beautiful, however, and near the villa of Mecenas, and the house of Horace.

In conversing with my guide on my return, I asked him, among other things, having seen large snakes at Rome, particularly close to the Villa Albani, lying across the path, as I was walking in a lane behind the garden, whether there were any venomous reptiles of that description at Tivoli? He told me that he was once present when a woman was bit by one of a small size in the leg, when sitting in a field at dinner, amongst other work-people at harvest, which is generally at the end of June, or beginning of July, and that she swelled all over, and died in consequence, as nothing could save her. I asked him, likewise, if there were any tarantulas in that part of Italy, and he said there were in the gardens of the Villa d'Este in Tivoli; but this I do not believe, as they are

seldom found but at Tarentum, in Apulia, from whence they derive their name, or in the Neapolitan dominions to the south.

I returned to Rome the same evening, but regret I did not stay the whole day, and return the day following, as the scenery is too beautiful; and the walks too extensive, for a short visit of two or three hours; and it is dangerous to return to Rome after the evening comes on, as the road is frequently infested by robbers, and assassins, who, it is said, as there are no woods or thickets for that purpose, conceal themselves in artificial caves hollowed out of the low sand rocks, which occur here and there near the road.

CHAPTER XXII.

Florence—Festival of St. John—Pisa—Lucca—Massa—Carara—Lerici—Genoa.

HAVING seen almost every thing most worthy of notice in Rome, once the mistress of the world in arms and literature, as it still is in the fine arts of painting and sculpture, I left it, not without regret, about the beginning of June. I slept that night at Ronciglione, a poor looking town, which was almost destroyed by the French, who, during the war in Italy, fired with artillery upon the houses. On the following morning, which was hazy, but cleared up, I went to Viterbo to breakfast. On the hills above the town, I remarked the lilac cistus growing in profusion by the side of the road, among other shrubs and bushes. I again admired the lake of Bolsena, and its wooded banks, and went on to St. Lorenzo, where I

slept. A mile or two, to the north of St. Lorenzo, towards Florence, I observed a cross or post put up, since I passed there last, with the limbs of a malefactor nailed to it*. The day was hazy and wet, and this disagreeable spectacle increased the gloom it occasioned, and gave sensations quite opposite to those that Italy might be expected to inspire in the beginning of the smiling month of June. This part of the road, however, is at no time much calculated to give us lively emotions. I thought Sienna more agreeable than when I saw it before, and am uncertain whether I would not prefer it, as a place of residence, to Florence itself. The air is certainly purer from its elevated situation, and the pronunciation of the Italian much better there.

During my second visit to Florence, it was enlivened by the festival of St John, the tutelar saint of the city. There were chariot races in

* When banditti are apprehended, they are generally taken to the nearest town, and shot immediately, their bodies in some instances being disposed of as described.

the square of Santa Maria Novella, which is unpaved, and round which the spectators sat upon scaffolds and benches erected for the occasion. The Grand Duke, and a large party, were in an open gallery or booth, like those on a race course, at one end of it. The chariots were of an old-fashioned form, and of different colours, white, blue, and red, to distinguish them, and the horses adorned with feathers and ribbons. The horse races were along the streets, and the multitude of spectators on each side, prevented them, as they were without riders, from turning out of their course.

On the 25th I left Florence for Pisa. The morning was at first hazy, but afterwards cleared up, and became very warm. On the left of the road, were country seats on the sloping hills, with long avenues of tall cypresses, leading to them, among others Mont Luca, the villa of the Marchese Riccardi. The cicalas on the trees and bushes amused me, a great part of the way, by their incessant chirping, a sound something like that of a grasshopper, but

a great deal louder. The countrywomen were employed at the doors of their cottages in platting straw for hats, which have long been a great article of trade, in this part of Italy. About half way to Pisa, you pass the town of St. Miniato, about a mile from the road, on a hill to the left, said to be the original place of Bonaparte's ancestors. As you approach Pisa, the country is very beautiful and fertile, with the Arno flowing through it, enlivened by the white sails of feluccas. A great part of the grain along the road was already cut down.

The situation of Pisa is flat, and trees and gardens intercept the view of it, till you nearly arrive there. You see the celebrated tower inclining very much indeed, when about a mile or two distant from the town. I crossed the Arno over a handsome marble bridge, to the quay, on which the principal hotel (Le Tre Donzelle), and the most agreeable part of Pisa, is situated.

On the following day I went to see the cathedral, baptistery, and leaning tower, which

are all adjoining each other, and the most remarkable buildings in Pisa. The cathedral is a fine Gothic building, and kept with greater care than most of the Catholic churches, being open only occasionally, and the doors generally locked, whereas elsewhere they are open every day. Some of the pillars in the interior belonged to the temple of Ephesus. It does not look near so ancient as it really is, being one of the oldest churches in Italy. The three large doors of bronze are by John de Bologna. The baptistery, directly in front of the west end of the cathedral, is likewise a fine old building; it is of a circular form, and supported in the interior by columns of granite. The pulpit and font are of white marble, and very finely sculptured.

The leaning tower, built of marble, is a hundred and ten feet in height, circular, and with a piazza of small open arches and columns, which goes round it, from about twenty feet from the ground to the summit. It overhangs its base more than fifteen feet. There is a fine

view of the sea from it, of Leghorn at a distance, of the island of Gorgona, and of all the country round. That it was built in its present inclining position by design, I cannot believe, as there is another tower I observed in the town, something in the same state; it certainly is owing to the sinking of the ground on which it is founded.

To the north of the cathedral is the Campo Santo, or cemetery; on the walls of the corridor that surrounds which, are frescoes by Giotto and Cimabue, representing Death in various fantastic forms, and Man at the different stages of his existence.

Though in a low situation, and not far from the mouth of the river, Pisa is esteemed healthy, notwithstanding, and from the mildness of the climate is resorted to by delicate persons from different countries, who make it their residence. Monte Juliano, a hill about two or three miles eastward from it, and the lofty Apennines towards the north, give it more of picturesque beauty than it would otherwise have. After

staying there about a week, I left it, and proceeded to Lucca, Massa, and Lerici, where I embarked for Genoa, as there is no road for a carriage between this part of Italy and that city, on account of its being entirely mountainous almost the whole of the way.

From Pisa to Lucca, where I went to breakfast, the road is very beautiful, with steep slopes covered with olive trees, and villages, country-houses, and rivulets, intervening along the road. It is situated in a plain, watered by the river Serchio, and bounded by hills at no great distance from it. It is entirely surrounded by walls, without any suburbs as you approach it. No traveller is permitted to enter the town with arms of any kind; they are given up at the gates, and restored to them on their departure. None of the churches or other buildings are much distinguished for their architecture. The Baths of Lucca, to which there is a great resort of company during the season, are more than fifteen miles distant from it, in a romantic situation towards the mountains, and take their name

from the territory in which they are situated, not from their propinquity to the town.

At my departure from Lucca, in getting into the carriage to proceed on my journey, I was taken leave of, as I have frequently been elsewhere in Italy, with the parting salutation of *Addio à revidere*, "Adieu in hopes of seeing you again," which, as there was not much probability at least of that being the case, has something affecting in it, not quite synonymous with the French *Adieu au revoir;* and used to recall to my mind the justness of Madame de Staël's remark, that travelling, notwithstanding the amusement and information we may derive from it, is still a sort of melancholy pleasure.

From Lucca to Massa the road is likewise, in some places, very beautiful, with steep hills covered with olive trees on the right, the sea on the left, and farther on the Apennines, which, rising into lofty pinnacles, assume a far grander and more romantic appearance here, than in

any other part of Italy that I have seen at least.

Massa, where I slept, is the chief town of a principality of that name, and is near Carara, from whence the celebrated white marble is brought; it is in a pretty and romantic situation, and there is a large palace, built of red brick. The evening was fine, and the luccioläe, or fire-flies, like glow-worms, flitting about in the street. On the following morning, before I set out, I had the pleasure, for the first time in my life, of seeing a scorpion in my bed-room: it was crawling up the wall opposite to me—with its tail flat, and its claws erect, something resembling a pair of pincers, with eight legs—a thing which I did not know till then that they were capable of, and had nearly reached the top of it, in an oblique direction, when I touched it with my stick, and it immediately dropt down and crept along the wall, on the floor of the room, which, though up stairs, was of white marble; I then held a towel to it, to

which it clung, and shook it out of the window, which looked to the back of the house, as I was unwilling to kill it, on account of its having gratified my curiosity without injuring me; besides that, in this part of Italy, they are only about an inch and a half in length, and seldom dangerous.

From Massa to Sarazana, and from thence to Lerici, the road still continues agreeable. A few miles from Massa, the pomegranate, with its beautiful scarlet flowers, was growing wild in the hedges, and along the highway. The small town of Carara lies off the road a little to the right. After leaving Sarazana, where are the remains of an ancient castle, you cross the broad river Magra, which descends from the Apennines, over which there is no bridge, and, a few miles farther, arrive at Lerici, a small sea-port town, situated on the gulf of Spezzia. It is surrounded by rocks covered with olive trees; and a castle in ruins, on a very high precipice above the sea, renders it very picturesque and romantic. At no great distance from it, in the

mountains on the opposite side of the bay, are quarries of fine gray marble, which is imported to England and elsewhere, and which I intended to have visited had I remained there another day.

On the following morning, having hired a small vessel for five or six Napoleons to convey me to Genoa, distant about eighty miles, I embarked at eight o'clock, and arrived there before sunset. From Lerici to the mouth of the gulf is only about three miles. In going out of it, you pass through a very narrow channel, almost close to the rock on which Porto Venere is situated, two fine romantic islands, covered with wood, the nearest one called the island of Palmaria, forming the strait to the left. When you are past this point, the sea, which, that day at least, assimilating with the gloomy coast in view and a cloudy sky, happened to be of a dark blue colour, is bounded, for nearly sixty miles, by high precipitous rocks, without any shore, a few small towns only appearing here and there under the mountainous cliffs, to which

all access seems denied, except from the sea. When past Porto Fino, a lofty headland, or rather mountain, projecting into the sea, you have a fine view of Genoa for the first time, about ten miles off, and the scenery becomes then more gay and pleasing.

The city of Genoa, when seen from the sea, rising in a semicircle, at the head of a fine bay, appears much more grand and beautiful than you find it in reality when you arrive there. The quay, within the large enclosed harbour, where you land, is even more disagreeable than such places usually are, and the hotels at no great distance from it. Except two broad streets, the Strada Balbi and the Strada Nuova, or rather one I should say, these being a continuation of the same street, almost all the others are much too narrow for any sort of carriage to pass through them, and the houses very lofty and gloomy.

In this street, which extends, from east to west, nearly the whole length of the town, and is more elevated and airy than the other parts

of it, are situated most of the palaces of Genoa, some of which are very magnificent indeed, and built chiefly of marble. Among these the Durazzo, Doria, Balbi, Spinola, and Serra palaces, are the most remarkable, particularly the first, the front of which has twenty-five windows in a line towards the street, and proportionably high. On its marble terraces to the south are orange trees and oleanders (the rosa oliva) in the greatest beauty. The Doria palace, which takes its name from the celebrated naval commander, Andrea Doria, in whose family it still remains, is grand, but somewhat ancient, with gardens and terraces behind it towards the sea. In the palazzo Serra is the most superb saloon not only in Genoa, but I believe in Italy. In general they have all a large portico, with a court in the centre, from which you ascend to the apartments by a grand staircase. The palace where the Doge resided, or house of government, the front of which has been built of late years, is one of the finest in the exterior in Genoa; it is in the centre of the city however,

and all the streets about it narrow and mercantile.

The cathedral church of St. Lorenzo, an old building of black and white marble, is at the same time both singular and venerable looking, but of no great size: it has three very large arched doors, and a circular window in the centre; it contains the *sagro catino*, or celebrated emerald dish, which it is pretended our Saviour made use of at the Last Supper, and which was originally presented to King Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. It has been discovered however of late, I believe, when it was in the possession of the French, to be only composed of green glass. The church of the Annonciata, built by the Lomellini family, is among the finest in the town; it is lined in the interior with various sorts of marble, and enriched with painting and gilding.

The view from the high grounds above the town is very extensive and beautiful; to the westward you can see more than half way to Nice, as far as the eye can reach; to the east

the coast is mountainous and rocky, and terminated, about ten miles off, towards the south, by the lofty promontory of Porto Fino: it is enlivened, however, to a considerable distance by villages and country houses. Beyond the fano, or light-house, on the west side, which is situated on a rock, the shore is flat, and composed entirely of shingles, but deep to the very water's edge, without any ebbing or flowing of the tide. The fishermen catch mullet and other fish with a rod and a line, standing on the shore, as they would out of a lake.

As the weather was very warm when I was at Genoa, I used to admire here likewise, in walking, after sunset, in a promenade in front of one of the public buildings to the north of the town, the great number of fire-flies flitting like little spectres, up and down, and backwards and forwards, in the lanes, and along the course of the ditches on each side of it. In a public walk to the east of the town, near the ramparts, planted with trees, I had an opportunity of seeing the cicala,—which though you hear for

ever in Italy, you seldom see—as a little boy had caught one near me, and I requested it of him to look at, after which I restored it its liberty, when it flew back again to the trees. It is like a very large fly, an inch at least in length, and thick in proportion, with four fine transparent wings, and a spot of shining reddish purple on its head, which is large and flat.

There were no public amusements when I was at Genoa, and less variety in the streets than I had seen in any other town in Italy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

La Bochetta—Alexandria—Turin—Mont Cenis—Valley of the Arc—Montmelian—Chambery.

HAVING staid about a week at Genoa, I set out for Turin; the road, after two or three miles, ascends all the way to what is called La Bochetta, which is a pass over the summit of the mountains, about four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and then descends rapidly towards the north. The ascent is long and tedious, requiring not less time than five or six hours: it is interspersed here and there with woods, little villages, and cottages, till you nearly arrive at the summit, where it is bleak and bare, and the wind violent.

In descending, as you approach Voltaggio, the first post town on the other side, the scenery is romantic and pretty. To the left of the road is a mountain stream or river, which flows with wooded banks in a deep dell below, and

afterwards continues its course to meet the Po, in the plains of Piedmont. From thence to Novi the scenery still continues interesting, though the road itself, from being paved, as indeed it is almost all the way from Genoa, is rather rough and fatiguing.

In this stage I could not help remarking in one place the singular appearance of the banks of the river, along the edge of which the road is formed; they are steep, and consist entirely of large round stones of different dimensions, some of five or six feet in diameter, imbedded in clay or earth. The Apennines, of which this is a part, are in many places chiefly composed of gravel, and I suppose of the same sort of soil or strata as I describe. At Gavi there is a castle and fortifications, but I only passed through it without stopping. I slept that night at Novi, and proceeded, on the following morning, through a level plain, to Alexandria. About a mile to the right of the road is the village of Marengo, one of the scenes of Bonaparte's victories, and where General Dessaix was killed, as great an

officer as he was, and to whom the honour of it as much belongs. In front, to the north, you have a fine view of the Alps towards Aosta, and Monte Rosa, as the giant amongst them, both in height and breadth, overlooking all this part of Italy. At Alexandria, which is a pleasant town in a flat country, I crossed the river Stura by a handsome bridge, and proceeded from thence by a fine broad road, straight westward through the plains of Piedmont.

I slept that night at Asti, the chief town of Montferrat, one of the few places in Italy which produces good wines. At a small town where I stopped on the following day, in my way to Turin, I could distinguish Mont Blanc to the north-west, though at a great distance, and almost mingled with the atmosphere. About three miles from Turin, at Montcalieri, there is a palace of the king, on a fine elevated situation, above the Po. As it happened to be a festival day when I passed through it, I had by that means an opportunity of seeing the costume of the women of Piedmont. The high old-

fashioned head-dresses they wear have a very singular appearance, especially in the young women, and are very far from becoming; but perhaps having been accustomed for some time to the more graceful coiffures of the south of Italy, made them appear more ridiculous than they would otherwise have done. From thence you drive along the banks of the Po, all the way to Turin.

The entrance into Turin from the east is very beautiful, indeed I may almost say unequalled, for a town of its extent. After crossing the river Po, by a fine stone bridge, from whence Monte Viso, the highest of the Alps in this direction, is seen to great advantage, rising in grandeur, in form of a cone, towards the south-west, you drive along the Strada del Po, which is in a line with the bridge, and one of the finest streets in Europe. It is considerably broader than Portland Place in London, with wide and lofty piazzas on each side, the whole of its length. This street is terminated by a fine square, round which are likewise piazzas,

and in which the royal palace is situated. In the centre of the square is the Castello Reale, or old palace of the Dukes of Savoy, built in 1416, which resembles a fortress, and is now the house of government. The streets are in general regular and well built, and many of them have water running through them. The town is almost entirely built of brick, and great part of it, in the Strada del Po and elsewhere, is not yet plastered, though from the style of the architecture, it is evidently intended to be so. The theatre, opposite to the palace of the Prince de Carignan, is one of the best I have seen in Italy. The opera-house was not open when I was there. In the great square, in the evening, a puppet-show, as usual in Italy, had a much more numerous audience than the theatre could boast of, which, when the entertainment was finished, retired in groups, apparently completely gratified, and singing in chorus the Tyrolese, or some other popular air.

The most agreeable walks at Turin are on the ramparts to the south, and along the banks

of the river Po, towards an old palace belonging to the king. From the latter, the church of La Superga has a fine effect. It is situated on a lofty eminence to the eastward, and was built in consequence of a vow, made to that purpose by Victor Amodeus, if Heaven should enable him to deliver the city from the French, who in 1706 had possession of it. It is in form of a dome, and entirely of marble. Near the ground to the south, where the soldiers are exercised, I found and gathered, as indeed I likewise did at Florence, thistles of a bright yellow colour, which is a variety of the plant I did not know till then was to be met with. On consulting a book of botany, I found it to be the Carthamus lanatus, or distaff thistle, a native of Crete and Egypt. Though at the hottest season of the year, I did not find Turin by any means so warm as I had been informed it was, or as it is in the more southern parts of Italy which I had quitted.

After staying about three weeks there, I left it about the middle of August, on my return home-

wards. The road on this side is broad, and bordered with trees for the distance of nine miles, as far as Rivoli, where there is a country-seat of the king's, a plain-looking house, on an elevation to the left; a little farther on, it is deep and sandy, and the hills on each side begin to rise gradually towards the Alps. At the next stage, St. Ambrose, there is an ancient castle in ruins, on a very high rock to the left, just above the town. From thence to Susa, at the foot of the Alps, the road is agreeable and picturesque, along a valley through which the Doria flows, a river which takes its rise in Mont Cenis.

On the following morning, at an early hour, I set out to cross the Alps by the new road formed by Bonaparte, leaving the old one by Novalesa, in a deep valley to the right. The ascent for some miles is gradual, and not very steep, till you arrive at a cascade, where it would be impossible for carriages, at least, to proceed any farther, were not the road carried up two or three times across the front of it, and thus by always ascending in a zigzag

manner, you surmount this abrupt declivity, and arrive at length on the plain of Mont Cenis. Opposite to the poor inn of Santa Croce is a small lake, a hundred and fifty feet in depth, and high snowy mountains beyond it to the south. The summits of Mont Cenis, on which likewise there was snow, are three thousand feet above the plain, and lay to the north-east of the Hospice and the inn. Before the door of the inn, and on part of which it is situated, is a very white rock, something resembling quartz, but without its transparency. Some wild pinks were all the flowers I remarked on the moss, with which it was partially covered. Towards the Italian side, which I had quitted, large masses or columns of heavy white clouds, heaped up one upon another, beyond the verge of the descent, had a very grand and singular effect. After stopping a short time here, I continued my journey towards the Savoy side of the mountain.

When arrived at the summit of the descent to Lans le Bourg, and the narrow valley of the

Arc, the view is very singular. The fields below look like small gardens, and the houses and villages in the same proportion. It is so very steep, that the road is completely formed in long circuitous windings from top to bottom, and you travel five times the distance you would in a direct line. The high precipitous mountains covered with snow, and pine trees, which confine the valley, have a fine effect from this point of view. There are no trees whatever on the descent itself. By the side of the road I observed a tall purple flower, growing in profusion; the willow herb, I think, they call it in England, common in gardens and shrubberies, therefore I suppose it is a native of the Alps.

From Lans le Bourg I continued my journey along the banks of the impetuous and muddy Arc, the rest of that day, and all the following one, a distance of fifty or sixty miles. The road crosses it, two or three times in its course. At a small town, the next after Lans le Bourg, where it spreads out after its junction with another river, it had made such encroachments

on the road at that time, that it was almost dangerous to pass, and appeared as if it would soon leave no space for the road at all. Some miles before you descend to Mandana, there is a fortification building on a high precipice on the opposite side of the river, between which and the road the Arc runs in a profound and dark channel below. It will cost an immense deal of money, but when finished, will completely command the pass in case of war. Before arriving at St. Jean de Maurienne, the road crosses the river, near the grand rocky mountain of St. Michel. Not far from thence, it has again made encroachments, and altered its channel so much, that I am inclined to think the old road, narrow as it was, was preferable to the new one, and that the river, from its velocity being increased by the stone embankments, and its course in some places altered, is more dangerous than formerly, and may in time destroy the road altogether. A few miles beyond St. Jean de Maurienne, I felt sensibly the freshness of the atmosphere on this side the

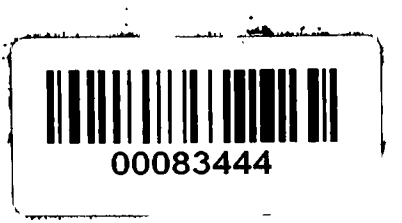
Alps, which I had not inhaled for near a twelvemonth. At Montmelian you cross the Isere by a long bridge of a great many arches, after it is united with the Arc a few miles higher up, which from thence flows down to Grenoble.

From Montmelian to Chambery, a high limestone mountain to the left is a very grand object, and forms a distinguished feature in the scenery. On the north side of it, towards Chambery, is a precipice, which cannot be less, from its appearance, than a thousand or fifteen hundred feet perpendicular in height, cut like a wall, and, except to birds, totally inaccessible. The summit of it is flat, and I suppose covered with pasture. It is one of the same chain of limestone mountains which extends from thence to the Grand Chartreuse and Pont Beauvoisin. The ascent and descent of the Alps, both at the Simplon and Mont Cenis, remind me of the coming on and going off of the winter season, long, gradual, and tedious; the passage over the mountains themselves is short and abrupt, as the very depth of

winter is, compared with the road you must travel, or the season you must pass, before you arrive at or get clear of either of them.

From Chambery I returned to Lyons, and from thence by Moulins and Nevers, to Paris.

THE END.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